"MY COUSIN VINNY"

Original Screenplay

by

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1 EXT. ALABAMA BACK ROAD - DAY

It's a sunny, winter day on a paved country in south/western Alabama. In the distance, peaking over a loping hill we see a faded metallic green, 1964 Buick Skylark with a white convertible top and New York plates. As it approaches, we see two young men in the car, both with dark hair and sunglasses. They look cool.

CLOSE SHOT - RADIO

A hand turns the dial in search of something contemporary -- finding nothing but country music...

RADIO
(singing)
If you can't live without me, then
why aren't you dead...?

...and local ads with southern accents, farm reports, evangelists, gospel singers, and a woman with marital problems seeks guidance from a radio preacher.

ON THE ROAD

The two-lane paved country road passes through huge fields of cotton plants - little shrubs with little, fluffy tufts of white. On the side of the road, every 100 yards or so, we see 8' X 8' X 20' trussed-up, squared-off bales of cotton covered with plastic tarps - waiting to be picked up and trucked off.

Up ahead they approach a long bed truck filled with logs on the way to a sawmill -- this is also lumber country. They overtake the truck.

They also pass a lot of things you see in the deep south that you don't see up north -- little, ramshackle fruit stands with weather-beaten signs saying "We accept food stamps," crude hand-lettered signs offering Vidalia onions, pecans, propane, bulls for sale, a cattle crossing sign -- a black silhouette of a cow on a round yellow background with a black border, grain silos -- big and small.

2 INT. CAR BACK SEAT

A Rolling Stone magazine, a People magazine, and a variety of textbooks: The Rhetoric of No, Introduction to Physics, Introduction to Political Science, and a WELCOME TO UCLA pamphlet -- these are college kids. Also in the back seat is a old (broken) "ghetto blaster" with a tape coming out of it, som empty soda cans, junk food wrappers, empty Sterno cans, an empt cooler, a map to the south (and a line drawn for the route), a variety of socks, sweaters, etc. etc.

2 CONTINUED:

FRONT SEAT

Driving the car is BILL GAMBINO, 21, Italian-American descent, from New York, optimistic and carefree. The passenger is STAN ROTHSTEIN, also 21, Jewish, pessimistic, analytical and precise. They're bright, college kids in need of a shower and a shave, but they could be confused for derelicts.

3 EXT. OFF THE ROAD - WOODS - STAN AND BILL - NIGHT

"Camped out." Bill's heating up a can of "beans and franks" over a can of Sterno.

LATER THAT NIGHT

Tucked into sleeping bags. WE HEAR BUGS IN THE AIR. Stan slaps at the bugs. Bill is fast asleep. TITLES END.

4 EXT. SAC-O-SUDS CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING

Like a 7-11. Stan and Bill drive up, park and enter.

5 INT. SAC-O-SUDS - CAMERA PANS OVER BEANS

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL Bill and Stan in the canned vegetable section, looking over the beans. They're holding cans of beans, Sterno, tortillas -- anything cheap, all cradled in one arm, using their free hands to pick things off the shelves.

STAN
(points)
Here's some for 37 cents.

BILL
(looking harder)
Here's some for 32.

STAN
(victorious)
31.

They look more.

BILL
I think that's it.

STAN
(still looking, disappointed)
Don't they have generics?

5 CONTINUED:

STAN
I think this is their generic.

BILL
(points, 31 cent can)
I've never heard of this brand...
(points, 32 cent can)
...maybe we should get this one...maybe it's worth the penny.

STAN
(grabs 31 cent can)
Nah...you're paying for advertising.

They walk down the aisle, balancing the precarious load of cans.

BILL
(sees something that catches his eye)
Tuna. Should we get tuna?

STAN
(complaining)
Oh God, please -- no more tuna.

BILL
It's got protein. We need protein.

STAN
(moving on)
Beans have protein.

BILL
Beans make you fart.

STAN
We got a convertible.

BILL
I'm gettin' it for myself.

He reaches for it, almost dropping what he has - and there's little room for more. So he puts the can in his jacket pocket.

MICROWAVE - Stan is heating up a burrito.

The COUNTERMAN/CASHIER is a wiry, unfriendly guy. He serves Bill a slush drink -- about two thirds full, then adds up the grocery tab.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

CASHIER
...and one burrito and one large slush.
(punches up total)
$21.67.

BILL
Can you fill this up?

The Cashier looks at the drink, he sighs, then fills it back up and gives it back to Bill without comment. The Cashier then puts the groceries into a brown paper bag as Stan and Bill dig in their pockets.

6 EXT. SAC-O-SUDS

Stan and Bill exit, get in their car and leave. Bill drives. Nearby are row houses - small, box-like houses with severely peeling paint on dusty-gray, old bare wood, meager-looking porches, windows covered with rusted screens and sagging, rusty metal roofs.

7 INT. BUICK - BILL AND STAN - 20 MINUTES LATER

Driving along. Bill remembers about the tuna in his pocket. He reaches into his POCKET...and pulls out the can of tuna. He motions for Stan to look.

BILL
Look. I...forgot to pay for it.

STAN
(thinks)
You could've gotten caught.
(beat)
What if someone saw?

Bill shakes his head at the thought. It was a dumb thing.

STAN
The laws are medieval down here. *
You know what the minimum age for execution is in Alabama?

BILL
16?

STAN
TEN.

Bill can't believe it. He glances in the mirror.

7 CONTINUED:

REAR-VIEW MIRROR - There's a cop behind them.

BILL
There's a cop behind us.

STAN
A cop?

BILL
There's nothing to worry about.

STAN
There might be.

BILL
There's nothing to worry about until there's something to worry about.

STAN
(beat)
What's he doing now?

BILL
(glances in rear-view)
Nothing.

STAN
'Nothing' -- he's still following us, isn't he?

BILL
He's not following us -- he's just behind us.

STAN
(beat, BEAT, BEAT)
Is he still there?

BILL
(glances up again)
Yeah.

STAN
(deeply distressed)
Goddammit.

BILL
Calm down. There's a cop behind us, that's all. Nothing's wrong. There's no problem.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

BILL (Cont'd)
(glances in rear-view mirror, his heart sinks)
Uh oh.

STAN
(terrified)
What?! What 'uh oh'? What? What?

BILL
His light's on.

Stan is crushed. He slams the dashboard with his fist.

STAN
Fuck! Fuck! Goddammit! Goddammit! What're we going to do?

BILL
(pulls car over)
It's probably nothing. A taillight or something, don't worry.

STAN
We don't have money for bail!

BILL
(amused by Stan's worrying)
We don't need money for bail; nothing's happened.

STAN
Nothing? You're getting pulled over aren't you? You stole something, didn't you?
(doomed)
We're fucked.
(Bill keeps his eye on the mirror)

MIRROR - The Sheriff's car door opens.

Stan looks at Bill for comment.

BILL
Here he comes.

The DEPUTY hides behind the door.

7 CONTINUED: (3)

DEPUTY #1
SHOW ME YOUR HANDS.

Stan and Bill exchange dumbfounded looks. They put their hands up. The deputy rests his pistol on the door.

DEPUTY #1
GET OUT OF THE CAR AND PUT YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD.

8 INT. LINEUP - BILL AND STAN AND OTHERS

Stan and Bill are led into a makeshift lineup room, where they stand along a group of men - none looking remotely like Bill or Stan. Bright, blinding lights. They have to squint.

STAN
(whispering to Bill)
Ridiculous -- all this over a can of tuna!

VOICE
(firmly)
KEEP QUIET.

9 EXT. SAC-O-SUDS - DAY

SHERIFF FARLEY - a man aged around 50 - is watching the dead body of the Cashier being photographed.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

A Deputy enters and whispers to Farley.

DEPUTY
I think we may get a confession.

Farley leaves the shop. He passes a woman, who is very upset.

WOMAN
I just heard that someone shot Jimmy Willis?

FARLEY
He's dead.

WOMAN
Oh my God, who would do such a thing?

FARLEY
A couple of boys from New York, I believe. They were just picked out of the line-up.

10 INT. HOLDING ROOM - BILL

Bill is alone in a small windowless room. Farley enters, holding a clipboard. Bill is filled with deep remorse. A sign says: NO GUNS ALLOWED IN THE CELLS.

FARLEY
Hello Bill, I'm Sheriff Farley.

BILL
Hi.

FARLEY
You know why you're here?

BILL
Yeah, I know.
(with deep remorse)
It was a stupid thing to do.

FARLEY
Have you been made aware of your rights?
(Bill nods)
You're willing to waive that right?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

BILL
Yes. I'm willing to cooperate fully. I'll sign a statement, or whatever makes this whole thing easier.

FARLEY
Good...good...good...

BILL
But, I want you to know that Stan had nothing to do with it.

FARLEY
Was he there when you did it?

BILL
Yes, but he didn't know what was going on.

FARLEY
Did he help you plan it?

BILL
No. I mean, it wasn't planned out. It just...happened...

FARLEY
Did Stan try to stop you at anytime?

BILL
No...

The Sheriff scribbles something on a pad.

BILL
Why? Is that a big deal?

FARLEY
Aiding and abetting.

BILL
(surprised)
Aiding and abetting. Is that like a major thing?

FARLEY
Oh yeah.

BILL
What could they do to him?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

FARLEY
It depends. If he really didn't know what was going on - but he didn't turn you in - it could be...10-20 years.

Bill is floored.

10A INT - CORRIDOR

Farley leaves Bill's room, enters Stan's. Door slams shut.

11 STAN'S ROOM - CLOSE ON STAN

STAN
An 'accessory'? Are you guys kidding? An 'accessory'? I didn't help. I didn't plan it...

FARLEY
But you didn't try to stop it?

STAN
I didn't know it was happening! I found out later, in the car.

FARLEY
Why didn't you get out? Call the police then?

STAN
He's my friend!

FARLEY
Your friend has put you in a lotta trouble.

STAN
What's going to happen to Bill?

FARLEY
(goes to door)
Nothin' - unless he's convicted. 'Course, if he is, we're gonna run enough electricity through him to light up Birmingham.

Stan scoffs. Door slams and echoes.

12 BILL'S ROOM

Farley's back, but this time with the Deputy #4 and cassette recorder. *

BILL
...we were friends at NYU and we both applied and got scholarships to UCLA. So...we figure the weather and the scenery would be nicer going through the south... *

CLOSE SHOT - THE CASSETTE TURNING - LATER

BILL
... then I forgot about the can of tuna fish. And then...we left.

FARLEY
(beat)
You left? What do you mean? Did he catch you with the tuna fish? Is that how it started?

BILL
No, he didn't say anything.

FARLEY
But, he knew about it?

BILL
I don't know.

FARLEY
Let's talk about that for a moment. You paid for the groceries. And then what?

BILL
We went out to the car. That's it.

FARLEY
But...when did you shoot him?

BILL
What?

FARLEY
At what point did you shoot the clerk?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

BILL
(completely confused, rolling the words over)
I shot the clerk...

FARLEY
Yes, when did you shoot him?

BILL
(gives questioning look to Farley)
I shot the clerk.

Farley nods. Bill is thoroughly dumbfounded.

BILL
Uh...

Another Deputy comes in.

DEPUTY
Hey Dean, we need you out here.

FARLEY
I'm in the middle of a damn confession.

Frustrated, Farley sighs and exits, taking the Deputy with him.

BILL
Wait a second!

But they're gone.

13 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Bill's handcuffed, sitting on a bench, when Stan, who is handcuffed too, is led in. Bill's scared.

STAN
What's the matter?

BILL
Do you know what this is all about?

STAN
Yeah - they're fucking with us.

BILL
You don't believe them?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

STAN
No way. They don't execute for shoplifting.

BILL
You think we're being booked for shoplifting? *

STAN
You're being booked for shoplifting, I'm being booked for accessory to shoplifting. *

BILL
No, I'm being booked for murder. You're being booked for accessory to murder. *

DEPUTY SHERIFF #3
Time to make your phone calls.

He leads. Dazed, they follow.

BILL
Is there anyway you can contact your parents?

STAN
How? Call the Chilean Consulate? What're they going to do? Send a guide into the mountains looking for them?
(beat)
We have to call an attorney -- a great attorney -- do you know any great attorneys?

BILL
No. I'm calling my mother.

Bill picks up the phone and dials.

BILL
Hello, Ma? This is Bill.
(beat)
We're in Wahzoo.
(beat)
It's in Beechum County, Alabama.
(with difficulty)
Not too good. Uh ... we've been arrested.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

BILL (Cont'd)
(reacting to hysteria)
Mom, Please ... Mom. Mom ...
(she's "calmed", then ...)
First of all, we didn't do it.
(beat)
Uh...well...murder.
(reacting to her hysteria)
Mom, please, Mom, please
(beat)
It's a fuck up, excuse me Ma, its a mistake. We must look like the guys who did it.

STAN
Tell her what we think ...

BILL
We think they're setting us up as patsies. You know how corrupt it is down here - they all know each other ...

STAN
The Klan's here, they're inbred, they sleep with their sisters ...
(he realizes the guard is glaring at him)
... some of them do.

BILL
We gotta get an attorney. It's going to cost a lot of money.

STAN
A decent one? Fifty, a hundred thousand dollars.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

BILL
(to phone)
50, maybe a hundred thou ...
(beat, excited)
I know!
(beat, to Stan)
Can we use any attorney?

STAN
I think so.

BILL
(to Mom)
Oh! He is?! That's a great idea! That's a great idea! You think he'd do it?
(to Stan)
We got an attorney in the family!

STAN
Who?

BILL
My cousin, Vinny.

14 EXT. BACK OF COURTHOUSE - DAY

Stan and Bill are escorted into prison van. Crane down from high angle to 2 shot of Stan and Bill as the van doors slam shut.

14A INT. VAN - STAN AND BILL - DAY

DRIVER
Our jail has been condemned that's why we're bringin' you all out to the state correctional facilities.

15 thru 16 OMITTED

17 EXT. PRISON - DAY

A few dozen, one story, bleak-looking bungalows, a couple administration buildings surrounded by barbed-wired fence. Just outside the fence, a dozen ACLU members demonstrate against the death penalty. Placards mention a guy named NORTON - ("Only God can condemn NORTON." "If NORTON dies, so does humanity" etc.) Norton's going to be executed in a few days.

~~17A INT. VAN - STAN AND BILL - DAY~~ Sc # 14A

DRIVER
Our jail has been condemned that's why we're bringin' you all out to the state correctional facilities.

17B EXT. PRISON - DAY

The van stops in front of the administration building.

18 INT. MAIN CELL BLOCK OF PRISON - LATE AFTERNOON

As Stan and Bill are led to a cell. The other inmates - big, vicious-looking men - spark up when they see the slightly-built, clean-cut-looking young men. They hoot, cheer, and wolf-whistle.

19 STAN AND BILL'S CELL

A tiny room with a toilet, a chair, a sink and a DOUBLE bunk bed. Bill and Stan enter - the door is shut behind them. Bill sits. Stan paces - terrified. He sees a folded cot against the wall.

STAN
You know what happens in these places?

BILL
Yeah...

STAN
And sometimes there's a big guy no one wants to tangle with who'll 'protect you' - but you have to become his sex slave and do anything he wants.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

BILL
There's only the two of us here.

STAN
(indicating cot)
But what if they put someone else in here?

Bill looks at Stan.

BILL
Stan - Shut up!

20 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM AT PRISON - DAY

Bill's on the phone - he looks elated. He hangs up and grins at a GUARD.

21 INT. CELL

Stan is nearly catatonic with fear. Bill is led to the cell and is strikingly optimistic by contrast.

BILL
All right, Vinny's leaving within the hour - he's driving all night, he should be here tomorrow. He says 'Don't worry, your problems are over.'

Stan pumps Bill for positive-sounding information.

STAN
Great. So, what's the story? He's some kind of a hot shot attorney?

BILL
Wait till you meet him!

22 EXT. WAHZOO CITY SQUARE

It's a typical, small town Alabama courtyard - a colonial-style courthouse in the middle, surrounded by grass.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

A cannon, or a statue of Robert E. Lee.

The streets around the courthouse have all the little stores that service the small community of 2000; Western Auto, EZ Finance company, a single floor, 3000 square foot department store, a "package" store (liquor store). Many of the signs are done in hand lettering.

Some of the stores are so run down it's hard to tell if they've been abandoned or not. There are a few people walking past. The setting is quiet, benign, serene. We HEAR BIRDS CHIRPING. It is small town in every way.

THEN, WE HEAR IN THE DISTANCE THE BASS FROM A HIGH-POWERED CAR STEREO (THUMPA THUMPA THUMPA). An obese woman in a floral-print dress stops and turns toward the sound. It is unusual indeed. She watches unapprovingly as she sees...

...a perfectly-restored, but muddied-around-the-wheels 1961 Cadillac Coupe de Ville convertible. As the car approaches, we can identify the music - hip-hop - it's Tone Loc's Funky Cold Medina. The car parks in front of the courthouse and stops. Silence. The driver's door opens and out steps VINCENT LA GUARDIA GAMBONE, a tough New York Italian-American. He's been up driving for twenty hours straight and he looks it - unshaven, wrinkled clothes and bloodshot eyes. He looks unquestionably tough - you'd want him on your side in a gang fight. He's wearing Ray-Bans, and a weathered black leather blazer. He carries a deck of cards in his shirt pocket.

Getting down on his knees, he checks out the front end of the car for something is wrong.

The passenger door opens and LISA, Vinny's girlfriend, gets out and stretches. Lisa's pretty, with perfectly-coiffed, jet-black hair. She's more appropriately dressed for a New York club than the deep south, which in these parts, looks downright trampy. She's got a small, instant-everything camera - and she takes pictures of anything that looks interesting.

VINNY
(thick Brooklyn accent)
Boy, do you stick out.

LISA
(same accent)
Me? What about you?

VINNY
I fit in more than you...

She walks 'round the car into view - wearing very short black skirt, black tights and shoes, she's got long legs.

22 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
...I'm wearing cowboy boots.

LISA
(dryly)
Oh yeah, you 'blend'.

As Vinny looks around the car, Lisa glances around at the neighborhood, taking pictures.

LISA
I bet the Chinese food here is terrible.

VINNY
(sarcastic to death)
Oh yeah, you're gonna 'blend' perfectly.

Getting up, indicating car's front suspension.

VINNY
Nothing out of whack as far I see.

LISA
It feels like the wheels went out of balance right after we hit that mud.

A black man with a gold STAR imbedded into his tooth is walking past. He stops and watches as Vinny looks over the wheels.

VINNY
Nah, I don't think that's it.

LISA
I think you should put it on a rack and take a look.

STAR
What's wrong?

VINNY
Car shudders on the highway. Didn't hit any bumps, but...

STAR
(points to wheel)
You got mud in your tires.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3)

VINNY
I got mud in my tires? How could I get mud into the tires?

STAR
Well...it's a figure of speech. It gets in around the inside of the wheel and throws the balance off.

VINNY
(to Lisa)
You ever heard of that? Mud in the tires?

LISA
No.

VINNY
(to Star)
And she knows everything about cars.

Star laughs at the joke. Vinny's amused at Star's amusement. Lisa says nothing.

STAR
Down here, everybody gets stuck in the mud now and then. We're famous for our mud. *

LISA
Famous for your mud?
(beat)
How's your Chinese food?

23 INT. CELL - STAN AND BILL - DAY *

Bill's asleep, Stan is pacing. WE HEAR A BRUTAL FIGHT BEING BROKEN UP SOMEPLACE - and it's really brutal - we hear the sound of flesh smacking against cement, clothes ripping. Stan freezes in horror.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

VICIOUS VOICE
(o.s.)
YOU MUTHA-FUCKA, I'M GONNA SPLIT YOU IN TWO! STOP YOUR FUCKIN' CRYING' OR I'LL TEAR YOUR FUCKIN' HEAD OFF YOUR FUCKIN' SHOULDERS.!

OTHER VOICE
(o.s., desperate)
NO! OH GOD, NO! STOP! HELP! HELP! SOMEBODY HELP!

Then we hear silence as his voice is mysteriously muffled. Stan turns away in horror, his face against the back wall of the cell. WE HEAR FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING. The guard opens the cell, lets Vinny in. Vinny slips the guard a tip. The Guard closes the cell door. Stan doesn't know that Vinny is Vinny. He suspects the worst.

GUARD
Here, I've got somebody for you.

VINNY
You must be Stan.
(Extends his hand)
How ya doin'?

STAN
(shrugs, cautiously shakes hand)
Why'd they bring you in here?

VINNY
I just got in. I asked where the new guys were so they brought me here.
(looks at Bill, fondly)
Hey, he's sleepin', cute little guy.

Despite his raunchy appearance, Vinny's friendly - which Stan misconstrues to be a cat playing with a mouse. He avoids meeting Vinny's eyes.

STAN
I...don't want to...do this.

He sits. Vinny steps behind him and starts massaging his shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
I don't blame you, if I was in your situation, I'd want to get through this whole thing over as quickly and with as little pain as possible. So lets try our best to make this thing a simple in and out procedure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Stan says nothing. Vinny comes over and puts his hand on Stan's shoulder, massaging it, being comforting. Stan's worst fears are confirmed.

VINNY
Maybe we should spend a coupla minutes to - get acquainted before we, you know, get to it.

Stan squirms away from Vinny, keeping his back to the wall.

VINNY
Whatsa matter?

STAN
I don't want to do this.

VINNY
I understand, but what're your alternatives?

STAN
My alternatives? To what? To you? I don't know - Suicide - Death.

VINNY
No. It's either me...
(joking, points to prison block)
...or them! You're gettin' fucked one way or the other!
(Stan doesn't laugh, he's almost in tears)
Hey, hey, hey, lighten up, don't worry, I'm going to help you.

STAN
Gee whiz, thanks.

VINNY
(beat, losing patience)
Excuse me, I think a modicum of gratitude is not out line.

STAN
(outraged)
You think I should be grateful?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (4)

VINNY
(mildly miffed)
Sure, I mean, it's your ass, not mine. I think you should be grateful - I think you should be on your fuckin' knees.

STAN
(disgusted, then...)
I didn't know what an honor it was to get a visit from you.

VINNY
(pissed-off)
You're getting' me for free pal! I'm doin' you a favor, you little shit!

STAN
Boy, that's one helluva ego you've got.

VINNY
(almost losing it)
What the fuck's your problem? I didn't come down here just to get jerked off...

STAN
(interrupting)
I'm not jerking you off. I'm not doing anything!

VINNY
You're on your own, pal...
(points to Bill)
I'm just takin' care of this guy.
(to Bill)
Hey, Sleepin' Beauty, wake up!

Vinny sits on the bed next to Bill. Stan grabs Vinny and balls a fist. Bill stirs, wakes, sees Vinny, smiles warmly.

BILL
(warmly putting on strong Italian-Brooklyn accent)
Hey...'Vinny-bag-a-donuts'!

Vinny and Bill embrace warmly.

STAN
(stunned, realizes)
Oh! Vinny? This is Vinny? *

24 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - VINNY, STAN AND BILL

Bill's waxing enthusiastic. Stan is hoping against hope.

BILL
I've told Stan so much about you. He couldn't wait to meet you.

VINNY
(skeptically)
Oh yeah?

BILL
He has lots of questions to ask you. Go on, Stan.

STAN
Well, I don't know where to start....have you had any murder cases before?

VINNY
No..this would be my first.

STAN
Your first? What have your other cases been? Assault and battery? Armed robbery?

VINNY
No, none of those.

BILL
I expect he's done burglary, grand theft auto, drugs...?

VINNY
Nope. Nothing like that.

BILL
(confused)
Vinny, you are a criminal attorney, aren't you?

VINNY
Actually, this will be my first foray into the criminal arena.

STAN
(crushed)
First time?
(he looks at Bill, then at Vinny)
What kind of law do you practice?

24 CONTINUED::

VINNY
Up 'till now, personal injury.
(laughs)
It just keeps gettin' worse here doesn't it? Got any more questions?

STAN
But you are a trial attorney? Personal injury trials?

VINNY
Actually, this will be my first foray into the trial process -I haven't had to go to court yet - knock on wood.

STAN
It does get worse.
(beat)
You haven't been to court yet, uh, how...long have you been practicing?

VINNY
Six...weeks...
(corrects himself)
...almost six weeks.

STAN looks at Bill, with a hopeless 'what is this?' expression.

BILL
But...you graduated from law school six years ago, what've you been doing since?

VINNY
Studying for the bar.

STAN
Six years? That's a lotta studying.

VINNY
No kidding.
(slightly embarrassed)
To be honest with you, I didn't pass the first time out.

STAN
Did you pass the second time?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
No, I'm afraid not.

STAN
(hopefully)
Three time's a charm?

VINNY
Not for me it isn't. No, for me, six times is a charm ... I'm a little dyslexic.

STAN
(aghast)
Six times ...it just gets worse and worse.

VINNY
No, that's it, that's as bad as it gets, it don't get no worse than this.

24A INT. COURTROOM - DAY
Vinny walks through the empty courtroom.

25 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - JUDGE AND VINNY - LATE AFTERNOON

The most noticeable thing about the judge's chambers is the vast expanse of books lining the walls. Vinny's seated in front of JUDGE CHAMBERLAIN HALLER. Vinny is wearing a shirt and pants, no jacket or tie.

JUDGE
A little informal aren't we? Not wearing a coat or tie.

VINNY
Oh. Sorry.

JUDGE
Well, approving an attorney from out of state is a pretty informal matter. I just have a few questions.

VINNY
Fire away, Judge.

JUDGE
Where did you go to law school?

VINNY
Brooklyn Academy of Law.

Vinny looks up and sees the judge's law diploma - from Yale -summa cum laude.

JUDGE
The Brooklyn Academy of Law? Is that an accredited law school?

The judge's subtly elitist response makes Vinny instantly feel he has somehow flunked the first question.

VINNY
(lies)
Oh...yes.

JUDGE
How long have you been practicing?

VINNY
(succumbs to lying big)
I'd say about...oh...six...almost six...sixteen years.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

JUDGE
Any murder cases?

VINNY
Oh, quite a few, yes.

JUDGE
And what was the outcome?

VINNY
Well, you know: win some, lose some.

JUDGE
This is not the forum to be cavalier.

VINNY
Of course not, lemme see, most recently I had an ax murder -which I won on grounds of temporary insanity - would you like to hear the facts of the case?

JUDGE
No.. What else?

VINNY
I had a cop killer...
(shakes head)
...lost that one.

JUDGE
Good.

VINNY
You've heard of Son of Sam?

JUDGE
The fellah who received orders to kill from a dawg?

VINNY
Yes, that's right.

JUDGE
You defended him?

VINNY
I defended the first guy they arrested - who was found innocent. Then they caught the real guy.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

Vinny's trying to impress the judge has a deleterious effect -the judge has a fear of appearing backwards.

JUDGE
Well...we don't have any 'serial killers' in Beechum County, but what we do have is every bit as sophisticated a system of justice as they do in the rest of the country.
(beat)
You being from New York and all, might have the impression that law is practiced with a degree of informality down here. It isn't.
(explaining)
I tell you this because I want you to know when it comes to procedure, I'm not a patient man. I advise you sir, when you come into my courtroom, you are to know the letter of the law - I will react harshly when I find you don't. Don't think being from New York that you're gonna get special treatment. You won't. You will be given no leeway whatsoever.

He takes an official-looking, 700 page book titled Alabama Rules of Criminal Procedure off a shelf, and puts it on the desk in front of Vinny.

JUDGE
I expect you to know this information when you enter my courtroom. Are you're willing to accept those terms?

VINNY
(picks up book)
No problem.

26 OMITTED

27 INT. CELL - STAN AND BILL - DAY

Stan's upset and Bill's optimistic.

STAN
...the 'The Brooklyn Academy of Law' is a correspondence school! It's not even an accredited school!

BILL
So? He passed, didn't he?

STAN
Eventually. Bill - he's not a criminal attorney - he's not even a trial attorney. He's a personal injury attorney. We can't go into a murder trial represented by a personal injury attorney.

BILL
He's never lost a case ...

STAN
It's impossible to lose a case because it costs more to the insurance company to fight than to settle. That's not like winning, that's more like legal extortion.

BILL
So, what do you want to do?

STAN
I don't know...
(thinks hard)
What are our options?

They think - for the moment they have no options.

28 EXT. HOTEL - AFTER SUNSET

A beautiful red sunset contrasts with an ugly weather-beaten sign in handdrawn paint that simply says HOTEL. Next door, but sharing the same building of the hotel, is a greasy spoon with one of those beat-up, simple, no-frills standard issue Coca Cola signs common throughout the south -the kind with white below that reads Wahzoo Grill in very simple black script.

Vinny's car stops at the Hotel. Vinny and Lisa get out, and look at it.

29 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

It's small, and barely furnished. Lisa's on the bed, wearing a robe, looking over the room. Vinny comes out of the bathroom, he's holding the book on court procedure. He sits on the bed.

LISA
This is going to be great. 'Vinny's first case.' So, what can I do? What can I do to help?

Vinny shakes his head - can't think of anything, and starts reading. Lisa's frustrated.

LISA
Nothing?

VINNY
No.

Vinny keeps reading. Lisa looks around, wondering what to do. She feels anxious. Vinny picks up on it. He pulls out the pack of cards from his shirt pocket and gives it to Lisa. She looks at him, she doesn't get it.

LISA
What?

VINNY
Somethin' to do; play solitaire.

Not exactly what she had in mind. Vinny turns back to the book. It's difficult for him to read. She takes a picture of him.

VINNY'S P.O.V. - CLOSE SHOT - PRINT IN BOOK

Some of the letters are reversed - Vinny wasn't kidding when he said he was a little dyslexic.

30 EXT. HOTEL - EARLY IN THE MORNING (DAWN)

It's quiet and peaceful - just what you'd expect early in the morning in a small town. WE HEAR THE SHRIEKING BLAST OF A STEAM WHISTLE - from the nearby mill. It's such a powerful blast of sound...the hotel windows vibrate slightly.

31 INT. VINNY'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Vinny jumps out of bed. Lisa covers her ears.

VINNY
WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?

31 CONTINUED:

Vinny goes to the window, opens it. He sees the Beechum Saw Mill Company, all lit up. It's even louder...Vinny yells, but we can't hear him. Finally it stops. Lisa's hands come down off her ears.

LISA
What the hell was that?

VINNY
It came from that big industrial-looking building.
(squints)
I think it's a...

BAAAAAOOOO!!!! THE WHISTLE BLOWS AGAIN.

CLOSE SHOT - STEAM WHISTLE - It's an old brass whistle, about two feet tall and a half a foot thick, an enormous blast of steam bursts from its mouth, sending a gray plume into the air.

THE BLAST STOPS. Vinny closes the window.

32 OMITTED

X 33 INT. WAHZOO DINER - VINNY AND LISA - EARLY MORNING

The place is empty. Vinny and Lisa come in and sit down. JUNIUS, a heavy-set, graying black man in a too-small, 'stay-prest' shirt is at the griddle behind the counter.

VINNY
(to Junius)
What's the story with that incredibly loud whistle at 5:30 this morning?

JUNIUS
It's a whistle.

VINNY
I know it's a whistle. I just said, what's the story with that incredibly loud whistle?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

JUNIUS
Steam whistle. At the saw mill. Tells people it's time to get up. You can hear it for miles.

VINNY
I can believe that. They do it every morning?

JUNIUS
Every morning.
(beat)
You want two breakfasts?

VINNY
Please.

Junius spoons a fist-sized slug of lard onto the griddle. Lisa and Vinny exchange disgusted looks.

VINNY
(to Junius)
Are you guys familiar with the cholesterol problem going on?

JUNIUS
What?

VINNY
Cholesterol? You know? Fat. Gets in the bloodstream? Clogs things up?

Junius stares at him. Doesn't get it.

MINUTES LATER

Junius serves them breakfast - eggs, bacon and grits. Vinny looks at the breakfast. Vinny points to some kind of greasy-looking grain on the plate.

VINNY
What's this?

JUNIUS
You never heard of grits?

VINNY
Oh, sure, I heard of grits.
(stares at it)
I've just never actually seen a grit before...or, had it served on my plate...or eaten one before.

33 CONTINUED: (2)

Vinny notices Lisa's watching him, but not eating.

VINNY
You gonna try it?

LISA
You first.

Lisa takes out her camera, poised to document Vinny's first taste of grits. Vinny stares at grits, looks at Junius.

VINNY
So, what is a grit, anyways?

JUNIUS
It comes from corn. Hominy grits.

VINNY
Hominy.
(this means nothing to him)
How do you cook a grit?

JUNIUS
Simmer it in salted water for about 15 to 20 minutes. Then you put it on a plate. With a little butter.

Vinny tries a small portion of it. Lisa snaps a picture. Vinny shows no expression of like or dislike. He swallows. He thinks.

VINNY
Well...I've tried grits.

34 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

It's lined with old, dark wood, has water stains here and peeling paint there - this is a poor county and repairs are a long time coming. There's also an Alabama and United States flag. Vinny and Lisa come in, approach the gate and stop. Vinny's wearing his black leather blazer.

He looks to the bailiff, who waves him in, points to the table on the right. Vinny goes and sits.

JIM TROTTER, the D.A., a formidable-looking man with salt and pepper hair comes in. Something about him is supremely confident. He looks at Vinny. He has a strong Alabama accent.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

TROTTER
Is your attorney here?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

VINNY
I am the attorney.

TROTTER
(friendly, shakes Vinny's hand)
Jim Trotter the Third, district attorney, Beechum county.

VINNY
(rises)
Vincent La Guardia Gambino, Brooklyn.

The lady bailiff leads Stan and Bill in, and sits them down with Vinny. Bill whispers to Vinny. *

BILL
When's my mom coming down here?

VINNY
Not for a while.

BILL
(shocked)
Why not?

VINNY
I...I didn't wanna tell you. She's in the hospital. Right after she spoke to you she spoke to me. Right after she spoke to me she had a heart attack.

STAN
(to himself)
I'm not surprised!

VINNY
She's gonna be fine, in a couple of weeks she'll be out.

STAN
But will we?

BAILIFF
Here ye, hear ye, here ye. All rise.

The judge enters and everyone rises. The Judge sits.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (2)

CLERK
Be seated. First case: The People of the State of Alabama versus William Robert Gambino and Stanley Marcus Rothstein. *

Vinny is seated.

JUDGE
Counselor, your clients are charged with first degree murder. How do they plead?

VINNY
Your honor...

JUDGE
(interrupting, insulted)
Don't talk to me sittin' in that chair.

VINNY
(points to bailiff)
He told me to sit here, is this...

JUDGE
(interrupting)
When you're addressing this court, you will rise and speak to me in a clear, intelligible voice.

VINNY
Oh...sorry.
(rises)
My clients...

The judge squints at Vinny's clothes. Vinny self-consciously checks his fly - but it's closed. The judge interrupts again.

JUDGE
What're you wearing?

VINNY
(confused)
I'm...wearing...clothes - I don't get the question.

JUDGE
When you come into my court looking like you do, you not only insult me, but you insult the integrity of this court.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (3)

VINNY
I apologize, sir, but this is how I dress.

JUDGE
Next time you come into my courtroom, you will look 'lawyerly' - and I mean you'll comb your hair, and wear a suit and tie - and that suit better be made out of some kind of...cloth. Do you understand me?

Vinny's taken back by all this. He capitulates.

VINNY
Fine. That's just fine, sir.

JUDGE
Good. You may continue. How do your clients plead?

The judge gestures for Vinny to continue.

VINNY
My clients are caught completely by surprise - they thought they were being arrested for shoplifting a can of tuna.

JUDGE
(beat, confused)
What're you telling me? That they plead not guilty?

VINNY
I'm just trying to explain...

JUDGE
I don't want to hear explanations. The State of Alabama has its procedure and that procedure at this point in time is to have an arraignment. Are we clear on this?

Stan doesn't like what's going on. He looks at Bill, who is confused.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (5)

VINNY
(beat)
Yes, but there's a great deal of confusion going on here, my clients didn't...

JUDGE
(interrupting)
Mr. Gambone, all I ask from you is a very simple answer to a very simple question. There are only two ways to answer it: Guilty or Not Guilty.

VINNY
(growing impatient)
Your Honor, my clients didn't do anything, they're innocent, and...

JUDGE
Once again the communication process has broken down. It appears to me that you want to skip the arraignment process, go directly to trial, skip that and get a dismissal. I'm not about to revamp the entire judicial process because you find yourself in the unique position of defending clients who say they 'didn't do it'. The only thing being tried today is my patience.
(slowly, condescendingly)
Now, the next words out of your mouth will either be 'guilty', or 'not guilty'. If I hear anything other than 'guilty' or 'not guilty', you'll be in contempt. I don't want to hear commentary, argument or opinion, I don't even want to hear you clear your throat - because if you do, you will be in contempt. I hope I've been clear. Now...
(slowly)
...HOW DO YOUR CLIENTS PLEAD?

The judge waits for Vinny's next words.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (6)

VINNY
(belligerently)
I think I get the point, I...

JUDGE
(interrupting)
No, I don't think you do. You're now in contempt of court. Would you like to go for two counts of contempt?

The judge makes a motion with his hands that the ball is in Vinny's court.

VINNY
'Not guilty'.

JUDGE
Thank you! Bail will be set at $200,000. A preliminary hearing will be set for 9:30am tomorrow morning.
(to prosecutor)
Is that sufficient time?

PROSECUTOR
Yes, your honor.

JUDGE
Bailiff, please take Mr. Gambone into custody. His bail will be set at $200.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: (7)

The Judge exits.

BAILIFF
All rise as The Judge leaves.

The bailiff comes over and leads Vinny, Bill and Stan from the room. As Vinny leaves, he yells

VINNY
Lisa! You're gonna have to bail me out.

2/26
35 INT. VAN ON ROAD TO PRISON - BILL AND STAN

Stan is depressed. Bill is very uncomfortable. CAMERA PANS TO BACK SEAT. Vinny's in the back, watching the scenery, cheerfully whistling "Dixie". Stan looks at Vinny, baffled.

36 INT. JAIL CELL - VINNY THRU BARS - DAY

Vinny waits patiently. The guard unlocks the cell.

37 EXT. PRISON - DAY

Lisa's waiting with folded arms, leaning against the wall, holding a camera - as Vinny comes out she takes a picture of him. They walk through the pack of protestors to the parking lot.

LISA
So they're gonna nuke this Norton guy this weekend? *

VINNY
Yeah. *

LISA
You got one huge responsibility taking on this murder case - you screw up n' those boys get fried.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

VINNY
(wearily)
I know.

LISA
You think you know what you're doin'?

VINNY
Yeah.

LISA
Because it didn't look like you knew what you were doin' in that courtroom today. Why is that?

VINNY
Well ... it's all procedural crap. I'm gonna have to learn it as I go.

LISA
"Learn as you go"? You didn't learn that in law school?

VINNY
(scoffs)
Nah ... they teach precedents, contracts, interpretations ... you're supposed to learn procedure from the firm that hires you, or else you go to court and watch.

LISA
Have you been doing that?

VINNY
Between the garage and the night school, where am I going to find the time?
(guilty)
I'd planned on taking a few months off this summer to do it.
(beat)
But it's no big deal.

They reach the car and get in.

LISA
Are you sure?

VINNY
Yeah, I'm sure.

38 OMITTED

39 EXT. ROADSIDE BAR-B-Q - DAY

Vinny is buying some greasy food for them both.

LISA
I don't see how you know you can be so sure, when you don't know what it is you're supposed to know.

VINNY
Let me explain.

They sit at picnic tables and eat.

VINNY (CONT.)
It's a procedure, that's all. Like ... rebuilding a carburetor has a procedure.

Lisa gives him a questioning look.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

VINNY (CONT.)
See, the first thing you do is take the carburetor off the manifold. But suppose you skip the first step and try to rebuild the carb while it's still on the manifold? And then let's say while you're replacing a jet, you accidentally drop the jet and it goes down the carb, rolls down the manifold and into the head? You're fucked. You just learned the hard way that you're supposed to remove the carburetor first. So that's what happened today. I just learned the hard way. This was actually a good experience what happened today.

LISA
You know what I think? Honestly? I think, once you're out there, doing the thing out there, I think you'll be great. Really great.
(beat)
If you don't fuck up.

VINNY
I won't fuck up.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

LISA
There is one problem.
(thinks)
We can't afford to bail you out again - I already cashed in half the traveler's checks. I didn't want to bounce a check so I tried hustling the money, but I got stiffed, so I had to cash in the traveler's checks...

VINNY
(interrupting)
Hustle? What do you mean hustle?

40 EXT. POOL HALL

A crudely lettered sign reads: "Pool and Chicken." Vinny's Cadillac parks out front. They get out.

41 INT. POOL HALL - AFTERNOON

It's a pretty rag-tag room, teeming with rednecks. Vinny and Lisa enter. The place goes quiet - a stranger is in their midst. Lisa points to a guy. Vinny approaches him.

VINNY
(hand out to shake)
Hello, Vincent La Guardia Gambone.

But J.T. just stares at Vinny.

LISA
His name's J.T.

VINNY
(politely, indicating)
J.T.,I believe you and Lisa played a game of pool for $200 and she won. I'm here to collect.

J.T.
(interrupting)
How would you like me to kick your ass?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

VINNY
A 'counter-offer'. That's what we lawyers - I'm a lawyer - that's what we lawyers call a counter-offer. Okay.
(beat)
Let me see. It's a tough choice; get my ass kicked or...collect $200...hmm...
(to himself)
...I could use a good ass-kicking...
(then, decisively)
Nah...I'll take the 200 dollars.

J.T. is not amused, but the guys are.

J.T.
Over my dead body.

VINNY
You like to renegotiate as you go along? All right. So, it's either I get my ass kicked, OR...kill you and collect $200. Is that right?

J.T. is silent, Vinny's got him confused.

VINNY
Then here's my counter-offer: do I <u>have</u> to kill you? What if I just...kick the everlovin' shit out of you?

J.T.
In your dreams.

VINNY
No, in reality - if I kick the shit out of you, do I get the money?

J.T.
(amused)
If you kick the shit out of me? Yeah, sure, you get the money.

Vinny looks over at another guy and notices he is wearing a neck brace. He gives him a silent, friendly smile.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
(points to his neck)
What happened? Rear-ended?

NECKBRACE
No, I fell.

VINNY
(disappointed, then back to J.T.)
All right...let's see if we agree on terms - the choice now is I get my ass kicked OR...option B...
(much prefers the latter)
...I kick your ass and get...$200!
(beat)
I'm goin' with...option B -kicking your ass and getting $200.

J.T.
We gonna fight now?

VINNY
Yes, but first, show me the money.

J.T.
I have the money.

VINNY
Show it to me.

J.T.
I can get it.

VINNY
You can "get it"? All right, get it, then we'll fight.
(beat, to Neckbrace, optimistically)
D'you fall at your place or somebody's else's?

NECKBRACE
My place.

VINNY
(disappointed)
Shit.

42 EXT. POOL HALL - DAY

Vinny and Lisa come out and get into the Caddy.

VINNY
What are you doin' bettin' guys with no money? You know better'n that.

LISA
I was in a hurry, my man was in jail. What was I supposed to do? Run a credit check?

Vinny and Lisa drive away.

42A OMITTED

43 EXT. EXERCISE YARD - STAN AND BILL - DAY

They're arguing.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

STAN
He blew the arraignment! It's a simple procedure -- you heard what the judge said -- all he had to say was 'guilty' or 'not guilty'. We could have done that.

BILL
So...what're you saying?

STAN
You saw what happened in there. Do you want to stay with him after that?

BILL
Shit, Stan, I don't want to fire him. It would upset my mom too much, her health is delicately balanced right now.

STAN
And I appreciate that, but should you die for that? Wouldn't your mom be even more upset if you die?

Bill is tongue-tied - he can't seem to explain what he wants to explain.

BILL
The thing is, given the chance, I think he can do a good job.

STAN
No, you're wrong.

BILL
(shakes head)
I don't know, there's something about a Gambone in a courtroom that just seems...right.

STAN
(with deep disbelief)
Why? Why do you think that?

Bill takes a moment to gather his thoughts, then...

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

BILL
It's hard to describe. You have to see the Gambinos in action. These people love to argue -- they live to argue.

STAN
My parents argue - that doesn't make them good lawyers.

BILL
(amused, and not at all convinced by the comparison)
Stan? I've seen your parents argue. Trust me, they're amateurs.

44 INT. HOTEL ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - BOOK ON PROCEDURE

Vinny finishes the introduction. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO FULL SHOT of the room. Vinny's on the bed, reading. Lisa's nearby playing solitaire. WE HEAR A DRIP COMING FROM THE BATHROOM. It annoys Vinny.

VINNY
Is that a drip I hear?

LISA
Yeah?

VINNY
Well, weren't you the last one to use the bathroom?

LISA
So?

VINNY
Did you use the faucet?

LISA
Yeah.

VINNY
Why didn't you turn it off?

LISA
I did turn it off.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

VINNY
If you turned it off, then why am I listening to it?

LISA
Did it ever occur to you that it could be turned off and drip at the same time?

VINNY
No. Because if it was turned off, it wouldn't drip.

LISA
Maybe it's broken.

VINNY
Is that what you're saying? That it's broken?

LISA
Yeah, that's it, it's broken.

VINNY
(beat, toying)
'Are you sure'?

Bill's right, this guy loves to argue - and he's apparently met his match.

LISA
Positive.

VINNY
Maybe you just didn't twist it hard enough.

LISA
I twisted it just right.

VINNY
How can you be so sure?

LISA
Because I used 16 foot pounds of torque.

VINNY
Is that an adequate amount of torquage?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

LISA
(tosses him People magazine)
Look in the manual, you'll see that particular model faucet requires a range of 10 to 16 foot pounds of torque. I routinely twist to the maximum allowable torquage.

VINNY
How can you be so sure you used 16 foot pounds of torque?

LISA
Because I used a Craftsman model 10-19, laboratory edition, signature series torque wrench - the kind used by Cal Tech high-energy physicists, and NASA engineers.

VINNY
How do you know it was accurate?

LISA
(grabs Tampon box)
Because, a split-second before the torque wrench was applied to the faucet handle, it had been calibrated by top members of the state and federal department of weights and measures to be dead-on balls-accurate.
(tosses him directions from Tampon box)
Here's the certificate of validation.

VINNY
'Dead-on-balls-accurate'?

LISA
It's an industry term.

Vinny listens, we hear the drip continue.

VINNY
Well, I guess the goddamn thing is broken.

Vinny pulls Lisa down onto the bed. This whole thing is some weird kind of foreplay for them.

44 CONTINUED: (3)

They start kissing, getting a little entangled when suddenly Vinny stops.

VINNY
I shouldn't do this, I should work.

He picks up the book. Lisa's revved-up, her motor's running, she's frustrated but she understands. Still - she goes into the bathroom. WE HEAR THE SHOWER go on.

45 CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT STAND - LATER

Vinny folds page 20 in the book and sets it on the night stand next to a clock that reads 2:00.

46 EXT. HOTEL - VERY EARLY MORNING

WE HEAR THE STEAM WHISTLE.

47 INT. HOTEL

Vinny wakes with a jerk. He forgot about the whistle.

VINNY
We gotta move...

48 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The preliminary hearing has started. Trotter has the floor with a witness on the stand. His first witness, CONSTANCE RILEY, a skinny black woman, around 60.

RILEY
...then I heard two loud 'bangs' like firecrackers. I looked up and saw two young men run out from the Sac-O-Suds, jump into a green car with a white convertible top and drive off like the dickens, tires spinning.

VINNY AND THE BOYS

Vinny sits with the boys. Lisa is right behind them in the public section, leaning forward, almost with them, not missing a beat. Vinny looks tired. He writes an occasional note.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

TROTTER AND WITNESS STAND

TROTTER
Mrs. Riley, are those two young men present in the courtroom today?

RILEY
Yes, they are.

TROTTER
Can you point them out for me?

RILEY
(points at Stan and Bill)
They're sitting right there.

Bill and Stan look at each other, dumbfounded. Trotter shows a photo of the Buick to Riley.

TROTTER
Is this the car?

RILEY
Yes it is.

TROTTER
Let the record show that Constance Riley identified the defendant's car.

Stan and Bill exchange reactions of doom.

WITNESS STAND - SAM TIPTON - LATER THAT DAY

Trotter has another witness on the stand - SAM TIPTON, a tough-looking, obese man of 45.

TIPTON
I was making breakfast. I saw... (indicating Stan and Bill) ...those boys there go into the store. Then later, I heard a gunshot, looked out the window, and they ran out and got in their car and drove off.

Trotter shows the photo of the Buick to Tipton.

TROTTER
Is this the car?

48 CONTINUED: (2)

TIPTON
Yes, it is.

Stan and Bill can't believe what's happening, they sink in their chairs. *

WITNESS STAND - ERNIE CRANE - LATER

This witness, ERNIE CRANE is a tall, gangly kinda creepy 25 year old boy. Trotter holds the photo of the Buick. He points to Stan and Bill and the photo.

TROTTER
...then you saw those two boys run out of the Sac-O-Suds, jump into this car and drive off?

CRANE
Yeah. They peeled away -- car was all over the road.

Stan and Bill feel defeated, hanging their heads like condemned men.

WITNESS STAND - SHERIFF FARLEY - LATER

Looking at his notes, quoting.

FARLEY
I asked him if he did it, and he said...'I shot the clerk.' I asked him again, and again he said 'I shot the clerk.'

TROTTER
No further questions.

JUDGE
Mr. Gambino?

VINNY
Yes.

JUDGE
Do you have anything to add?

VINNY
What kind of thing?

JUDGE
It's not for me to say.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (3)

VINNY
Uh...no, sir.

JUDGE
(to Trotter)
Do you have any other witnesses?

TROTTER
No, Your Honor.

JUDGE
The Court finds sufficient evidence exists for this matter to go to trial.

Stan and Bill slump in their seats, resigned to fate. *

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (4)

JUDGE
I'm setting this matter for trial this Monday, February 2nd, 10 a.m. Mr. Gambone, stand up.
(Vinny stands)
Now didn't I tell you the next time you appear in my court that you dress appropriately?

VINNY
(incredulously)
You were serious about that?

49 INT. VAN ON WAY BACK TO PRISON

Vinny is back in the van.

STAN
Why didn't you ask them any questions?

VINNY
Questions? Ask who questions?

BILL
Vinny, didn't you know you could ask them questions?

Vinny didn't know. He doesn't want to admit it.

STAN
If you put up some kind of a fight, maybe you could've had the case thrown out.

Hiding his own ignorance, Vinny pretends Stan is naive.

VINNY
Stan...you're in Ala-fuckin'-bama. You're from New York. You killed a good ole boy. There's just no way this isn't going to trial.

Meanwhile up front, Stan gives Bill a look of disgust.

50 INT. CELL - STAN AND BILL - DAY

They argue.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

STAN
...if this was a conspiracy, they'd have to get all those people to lie - you think that's what's happening?
(Bill shrugs)
I think we should meet with this public defender, see what he's like. If he's honest, then we go with him.

BILL
(sadly)
All right.

51 EXT. THE PRISON - DAY - VINNY AND LISA

are walking from the prison through a still larger crowd of Protesters.

LISA
What's going on here, Vinny? Are you fucking up this trial or what?

VINNY
(impatiently)
I explained this all to you already, it's just procedure, okay, I'm bound to fuck up a little.

LISA
A <u>little</u>? You're thrown in jail! TWICE.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

VINNY
Hey, I know I've fucked up. You think like fuckin' up? This case is important to me.
(beat)
You ragging on me is not going to give me some kind of "spontaneous knowledge".

LISA
This learning procedure by fuckin' up and getting thrown in jail is expensive. We have no money, all the travellers' checks are gone, Vinny.
(waits for response, doesn't get one, so...)
So, what're we gonna do about eatin'? Huh? Get serious now, wake up.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
(getting a little angry)
I don't know! I'll figure it out.

She stands and stares at him.

VINNY
Alright, I figured it out.

He gets into the car.

LISA
What're you going to do?

52 INT. POOL HALL - LATER AFTERNOON

Vinny enters and stops. Everybody looks up. It's silent. He addresses the group.

VINNY
Has anybody here ever heard of a game called...uh...
(innocently)
...3 card monte?

They all exchange looks, and shake their heads. Vinny pulls a pack of playing cards from his shirt pocket and walks back into the pool hall.

CLOSE SHOT - POOL TABLE

We see Vinny's hands expertly playing 3 card monte on a worn-looking pool table, alongside sucker's hand dropping a few one dollar bills.

53 INT. PRISON CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Stan at a table. GIBBONS enters -- a gentle, tidy-looking man holding a briefcase comes in. They shake hands and sit down to talk.

GIBBONS
Stanley, my name is John Gibbons, I'm an attorney with the Public Defender's Office. Now, the evidence against you looks pretty strong. Why don't you tell me your side of the story?

X 53A EXT. FAST FOOD CHICKEN PLACE - DAY

Vinny and Lisa go in -

54 INT. FAST FOOD CHICKEN PLACE - CLOSE ON VINNY'S WALLET

Vinny's wallet is packed with one dollar bills. CAMERA PULLS BACK. Vinny drops the bills on the counter.

54A EXT. GUN SHOP

Vinny and Lisa eat the chicken. Vinny looks smug. Lisa takes a picture.

55 EXT. ANOTHER HOTEL - EVENING

Shabbier than the first. Vinny and Lisa arrive in the Caddy, which sounds noisier and is shaking a little. They look at it skeptically and go in.

56 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Vinny keeps reading and his excitement winds down. He's exhausted. He puts the book aside and sighs.

LISA
Whatsa matter?

VINNY
(beat)
You know what it is...
(difficulty)
I'm...scared.

LISA
You should be.

VINNY
Why the fuck did I get into this?
(beat, remembering)
'Sure, no problem, I can win the case' - I've already sent myself to jail twice.
(beat, shrugs)
I can win this thing. If I can keep my ass awake and out of jail.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

LISA
You know what I think? Honestly?
I think, once you're out there,
doing the thing out there, I think
you'll be great. Really great.
(beat)
If you don't fuck up.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

Vinny returns to reading the book.

CAMERA PANS TO TRAVEL CLOCK

It's three o'clock.

57 EXT. HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

It's about six o'clock in the morning and we hear the sound of pigs squealing. Vinny sticks his head out the window - he's being woken up by the sound. He looks down.

CAMERA PANS DOWN TO A SIGN OVER A BUILDING NEXT DOOR THAT READS 'JOHNSON'S PORK PRODUCTS.' Pigs are being slaughtered. Vinny slams the window shut.

58 INT. HOTEL ROOM

Vinny covers his head with the pillow trying to block out the sound. It doesn't work. He gets up.

59 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM IN PRISON - LATE MORNING

Vinny waits. Tired, he rests his head in his hands, and almost dozes when Bill's led in by a guard.

VINNY
Where's Stan?

BILL
Stan's not coming. He...wants to go with the public defender.

VINNY
Because I didn't ask no questions at the preliminary?

BILL
Yeah...Vinny, I'm going with the public defender, too.

Bill feels terrible. Vinny rises and paces, collecting his thoughts.

BILL
I'm sorry, I just didn't know how little experience you had.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

VINNY
Maybe I could've handled the preliminary a little better. I admit it - but what's most important is winning the case.
(sincerely)
I can do it. Here's how. The district attorney has to build a case. Building a case is like building a house, and each piece of evidence is one more building block. He wants to make a brick bunker of a building with serious, solid-looking, bricks like this...

He indicates brick two feet thick.

VINNY
Right?

BILL
Yeah...

He pulls playing cards from shirt pocket and takes out an ace.

VINNY
He'll show you how the brick's got straight sides, he'll show you it's got the right shape, he'll show it in a special way so it appears to have everything a brick should have. But, there's one thing he won't show you. When you look at the bricks from the right angle...?
(turns the card to thin side)
...they're as thin as this playing card. His whole case will be a magic trick -- which is an illusion.
(turns the card, revealing it to be a joker)
It has to be an illusion -- 'cause you're innocent.
(beat)
Nobody, I mean nobody pulls the wool over the eyes of a Gambino.

Bill sighs, he doesn't know what to say, so he says nothing -- a sign to Vinny that he needs more.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
Just give me the chance, one chance, to question the first witness. If, after that point, you don't think I'm the best man for the job, then fire me right then and there and I'll leave quietly with no grudges. All I ask is for that one chance. I think you should give it to me. *

60 INT. CELL - NIGHT

Stan's steaming from something Bill just told him.

STAN
He thinks we should give it to him? What'd he do before he was a lawyer, was he a fuckin' comedian? *

BILL
How can it hurt? If he doesn't ask the right questions, your lawyer will, right?

STAN
He could still fuck things up! Cross-examination is not just knowing <u>what</u> to say, but what <u>not</u> to say. What if he asks <u>all the possible questions</u> and the witness has <u>all the answers</u>? He'll end up proving the prosecution's case!
(beat)
How did he ever talk you into it?

BILL
(wearily explaining)
Well... At my cousin Ruthie's wedding - the groom's brother was that guy "Alakazam"?

STAN
The magician with the pony-tail?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

BILL
Right. He did his act. Every time he made something disappear, Vinny jumped on him...
("doing" Vinny exposing the magician)
"It's in his pocket!"
(more)

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

BILL (Cont'd)
or "He's palming it" or "He's got a mirror under the table" or "The thing's joined at the middle and it's got a spring on it that pops it open when it's in the tube!" -- it was Alakazam's worst nightmare. But he was just being Vinny, he was just being the quintessential Gambino.

At that point the lights go dim. They both look up. Stan checks his watch. Norton was just electrocuted.

STAN
There goes the quintessential Norton.

Bill makes the sign of the cross.

61 EXT. ANOTHER HOTEL, THE THIRD - NIGHT

Vinny gets out of his car. This hotel looks worse than the last. Crossing the street, he runs into J.T. He's got a wad of money.

J.T.
Hey little girl, look what I got.

VINNY
What?

J.T.
It's two hundred bucks.

VINNY
(looks at wad)
How do I know it isn't a wad of one's with a twenty wrapped around it?

J.T.
It's $200.

VINNY
Fan it out and show it to me.

J.T. doesn't do it. Vinny was right.

VINNY
Yeah.

Disgusted, Vinny walks off.

62 INT. HOTEL ROOM - VINNY AND LISA - NIGHT

Vinny comes in, weary. Lisa's there, she looks moody.

VINNY
Whatsa matter?

LISA
They fried Norton about thirty minutes ago.

VINNY
He tortured and killed seven people. He deserved to die.

LISA
If you don't win this case, that'll be Stan and Bill, you know?

VINNY
Look, next time I want my balls twisted dry! - I'll let you know.

LISA
You asked me whatsa matter and I told you. Don't jump on me for being cooperative.

Vinny nods, acknowledging her opinion in lieu of an apology. He picks up the book and starts reading.

LISA
I went over to the Sac-O-Suds and there was a deputy there and he pointed out this and that so I took a bunch of pictures ...

Lisa takes ten rolls of undeveloped film and puts them in a large ashtray on the table. Vinny glances at them, thinks to himself that it was a wasted effort, and returns to struggling with his book.

LISA
I got an idea...your dyslexia thing slows you up, right?

VINNY
(hates to admit it)
Yeah...a little...

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

LISA
(takes the book from him)
Let me read to you.

VINNY
(humiliated, grabs book back, firmly)
I don't want you to read to me.

LISA
I'm a fast reader - it'd probably be quicker'n you readin' it.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

VINNY
I DON'T WANT YOU TO READ TO ME. It makes me feel like a fuckin' child.

Lisa gives up, and sits down, frustrated.

LISA
I was trying to help, sorry.

63 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The lights are out. Vinny and Lisa are asleep. We hear a distant train whistle. Things in the room rattle and vibrate a little.

63A EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The hotel is beside the railroad. The barriers come down, lights flashing, bells ringing, electronic beepers beeping.

63B INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Vinny wakes up. Red light flashing through the window.

63C EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The train, whistle blowing deafeningly, thunders past. It is a freight train. The lights and bells are still going strong.

63D INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Everything in the room is vibrating - lamps, pictures, the works. Vinny is appalled.

63E EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The train goes on and on and on and on... CAMERA cranes up and over the train to see Vinny at the window.

63F INT. VINNY AT THE WINDOW - NIGHT

He staggers back to bed and lies there, wide awake. CAMERA moves slowly in to a BIG CLOSE UP.

63G INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

Vinny comes downstairs and punches the bell. The CLERK appears.

VINNY
Does that freight train come through at five a.m. every morning?

CLERK
No sir. It's very unusual.

VINNY
Fine.

He leaves.

63H OMITTED

64 OMITTED

64A INT. TROTTER'S OFFICE - MORNING

Vinny comes up the stairs of the courthouse and, across from the courtroom, enters a door that reads: District Attorney, Beechum County".

65 INT. TROTTER'S OFFICE - VINNY AND TROTTER

TROTTER
(pours Vinny a handful of peanuts)
...I was making plenty of money, winning most of my cases, but my clients were guilty as Hell. After getting one fellow off some very serious charges for the fourth time, my conscience got to me; wouldn't I better serve justice putting the guilty in jail? So that's what I'm doin' and I'm a happier man now.
(beat)
How about you?

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

VINNY
I gotta bullshit traffic ticket. I went to court, got the policeman on the stand ... uh just argued with him until he admitted he was wrong. The whole time the Judge - this Judge Malloy - he was smilin' and laughin'. Afterwards he invited me to "lunch". I was so impressed with him - he had this great old Cadillac. And then he tells me he thinks I'd be a good "litigator".

(laughs)
I didn't know what a litigator was. I'd never even thought of being a lawyer. But Judge Malloy -he was from Brooklyn too - he did it, so suddenly it seemed possible. I went to law school.

(fondly)
He'd help from time to time. Real nice man, you know? To go out of his way and do that. He wanted his son to follow in his footsteps, ... but he became a musician. So when I graduated, he was so proud of me ... he gave me his old Cadillac.

(thinking, honestly)
I think it was just to piss off his son.

TROTTER
That's quite a story..

VINNY
Yes, it is.

(beat, with a sly look)
So, this is quite a case we got ahead of us. How do you feel about it?

TROTTER
I'd like to have a murder weapon, but other'n that, I feel pretty good.

(excited, get's idea)
What're you doin' this afternoon?

66 OMITTED

67 INT. HOTEL ROOM - VINNY AND LISA - DAY

Vinny's going through a couple of suitcases looking for something to wear. Lisa watches - repulsed...

LISA
You're going "hunting?"

VINNY
That's right.

LISA
Why're you going hunting? Shouldn't you be preparing for court?

VINNY
Last night, I was thinkin' - if I knew what he knows - if I could look at his files...!

LISA
I don't get it - how're you gonna look at his files, when you're out "hunting?"

VINNY
Two guys out in the woods, guns, on the hunt -- it's a 'bonding' thing, show him I'm one of the boys. He's not going to let me look at his files, but he might drop his guard enough to finesse a little information out of him.
(pulls out some pants)
What should I wear?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

LISA
What're you going to hunt?

VINNY
I don't know. The guy had a bunch of stuffed heads in his office.

LISA
Heads...uh! What kind of heads?

VINNY
A boar, a bear, a coupla deer, some kinda lion...

LISA
(interrupting)
Whoa! You're going to shoot a deer?

VINNY
I don't know. I suppose, I'm a man's man, right? I could hunt deer.

LISA
(painfully)
A sweet, harmless, leaf-eating, doe-eyed, little deer?

VINNY
I'm not going out there just to wimp out -- he'll lose respect for me. You don't want that do you?

He's got her in a logical full-nelson.

VINNY
(points to pants he's wearing)
Are these pants okay?

LISA
Imagine you're a deer. You're prancing along, you're thirsty, you stop at a little brook, innocently, you lean down, press your little deer lips to the cool, clear water and...
(then slaps her head)
...BAM!
(more)

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

LISA (Cont'd)
A fuckin' bullet rips off part of your head, your brains're laying on the ground in little bloodied pieces. Now let me ask you - would you give a fuck what kind of pants the son of a bitch who shot you was wearing?

VINNY
(thinks, beat, then...)
Yeah. I would hate to die at the hands of a guy wearin' polka dot pants. I think as I was lying there, with just moments left to live, I would think, 'That son of a bitch couldn't just shoot me, but he has to add insult to injury by wearing polka dot pants.'

68 INT./EXT. TROTTER'S 4X4 CHEVY SUBURBAN

Trotter is driving Vinny out into the country.

VINNY
(kidding)
You know what: I'd like to take a look at your files.

TROTTER
You would?

VINNY
Sure.

TROTTER
I'll have my secretary do it.
(picks up the radio phone)
Shirley, will you xerox all the files on the Gambone/Rothenstein case for Mr. Gambone? Thank you.

Vinny can't believe what has just transpired.

X 69 EXT. TROTTER'S HUNTING CABIN - DAY

They get out of the Chevy and walk to the cabin.

VINNY
Very nice. You come here often?

TROTTER
Often as I can. I sleep like a baby out here.
(opens door)
I keep the guns inside.

Suddenly, Vinny looks sick. A deep pain in his stomach.

TROTTER
Are you okay?

VINNY
Must've been something I ate. Jim, you go on without me, I'll hitch a ride back to town.

70 OMITTED

X 71 INT. VINNY AND LISA'S HOTEL ROOM (THIRD HOTEL) *

Vinny kicks the door open and enters triumphantly holding two big stacks of documents. Lisa looks up. She's reading.

LISA
What's all that?

VINNY
Trotter's files -- all of them!

LISA
You stole his files?

VINNY
No, I was just starting to finesse him when he offers to have his secretary copy everything, then he insisted I double check to make sure she didn't miss anything!

LISA
That's very impressive finessing.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

VINNY
But that's not all! He's lettin' us use his hunting cabin when he gets back-- it's out in the woods and it's quiet, he sleeps like a baby out there.

LISA
Terrific. You're a helluva "bonder."

VINNY
Yeah.

He sees his book is open. He's suspicious...

VINNY
You reading this book?

LISA
Yeah.

VINNY
(closes book)
Do me a favor? Don't read the book.

LISA
Alright. But don't you want to know <u>why</u> Trotter gave you his files?

VINNY
I told you.

LISA
(shakes head and points to book)
He has to - <u>by law</u>...you're entitled. It's called disclosure, you dickhead.
(waves the book at him)
He has to show you everything or it could be a mistrial. He has to give you a list of <u>all his witnesses</u>. You can <u>talk</u> to all of his witnesses. He's not allowed any surprises. They didn't teach you that in law school either?
(Vinny is stunned)
So, you shoot anything out in the woods?

71 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
(uncomfortably)
Uh...you don't want to know.

LISA
I don't....?
(this answer red flags her, beat)
Did you...?

Vinny nods.

LISA
You didn't kill a deer, did you?

VINNY
(ashamed, nods)
Yeah, I killed a deer.

LISA
You killed a...little deer?

VINNY
And not just a little deer, it was a little....
(hangs head)
...baby deer.

LISA
(disbelief)
You killed a baby deer?

VINNY
(shaking head)
Yeah, I killed a little baby deer...in front of its mother.

LISA
(horrified)
In front of it's mother?

VINNY
Yeah. But that's not the worse part, because before I killed it...?

LISA
Yeah?

VINNY
(suddenly, with mock viciousness)
...we both raped it first!

71 CONTINUED: (3)

LISA
(beat, realizes he's teasing)
You're a sick motherfucker, you know that don't you?

VINNY
No, I'm not a sick motherfucker. I'm a "man's man."

LISA
You didn't kill no deer. You wouldn't kill a deer....
(cozy's up)
....would you?

VINNY
I dunno...it all depends.

LISA
Depends on what....?

VINNY
(beat)
Well, if the deer was attacking....

71A EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT ESTABLISHING

Only one window is lit: Vinny's.

72 INT. THE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lisa is already asleep. Vinny switches off the light. He shuts his eyes. The clock says 2:30 a.m. All of a sudden Vinny opens an eye - there's something in the bed. He throws the covers back and jumps out of bed. Lisa wakes up.

LISA
Whatsa matter?

VINNY
Something in the bed. Like a ...I don't know ... a rat, or ...

In a flash, Lisa's out of the bed, along side Vinny.

VINNY
... something.

Vinny yanks back the sheet - a tarantula-sized cockroach scampers towards Vinny.

LISA
Look out it's coming towards you!

Vinny jumps back - it goes under the bed. Vinny picks up a shoe and hands it to Lisa.

VINNY
I'll lift up the bed, and you whack it, alright?

LISA
I ain't whackin' it.

VINNY
Alright, then you lift up the bed and I'll whack it.

LISA
Alright.

Lisa grabs the bed and lifts it. Vinny dives out of sight. We hear him frantically whacking the floor.

(CONTINUED)

72A EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The only light on is in Vinny's window. We hear the whacking.

LISA (O.S.)
There it is, over there.

The whacking continues.

72B INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

They get back into bed. Vinny switches off the light. Lisa falls asleep. So does Vinny - apparently. But the ashtray on the night table starts jigging, so do the lamps. Vinny opens an eye again. We hear a train whistle.

72C EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The same freight train is thundering past.

72D INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is jumping. Vinny is rigid - he has a catatonic stare.

73 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

Vinny is at the Reception Desk.

VINNY
You told me, only yesterday, that the train hardly ever comes through at five a.m.

CLERK
(puzzled)
I know, she's been late two nights in a row. She's supposed to come through at ten after four.

Vinny turns and leaves.

74 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - VINNY AND JUDGE - DAY

The Judge looks like the cat that got the canary. Vinny looks like the canary - he's exhausted.

JUDGE
Mr. Gambone, I'm not going to let you take part in jury selection tomorrow. I just got a fax from the New York State Office of Judicial Records -they have no records of any Vincent Gambone trying any case in any court in the entire state of New York.

VINNY
You're not going to find any records of Vincent La Guardia Gambone practicing in any court.

JUDGE
(impatiently)
I just told you that.

VINNY
See, 20 years ago I became an actor, but there was a very prominent stage actor in New York named Vincent Gambone - you may have heard of him?

JUDGE
No.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

VINNY
I had to change my name - which I did legally. So, I practice law under my legally-changed stage name.

JUDGE
(giving in)
What name is that?

VINNY
Jerry Gallo.

75 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Vinny comes out of the Courthouse with Lisa.

LISA
And what name did you tell him?

VINNY
Jerry Gallo.

LISA
Jerry Gallo? The big attorney?

VINNY
Yeah.

LISA
(dryly)
You think that was a smart move?

VINNY
The man is a seriously accomplished lawyer. He checks up on this guy and he'll find his name all over the place.

LISA
He was in the newspapers all last week.

VINNY
Yeah, I saw that...

LISA
But you didn't actually read the articles?

VINNY
No.

76 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
How do you feel about criminal defense attorneys?

JUROR #2
They should be shot in the cradle.

VINNY
That sounds like you might want to side with the prosecution.

JUROR #2
Not really.

VINNY
How do you feel about prosecutors?

JUROR #2
They should be drowned at birth.

VINNY
Would you say you hate them...equally?

JUROR #2
Yeah, I'd say that.

VINNY
(to Judge)
I like this guy.

76A OMITTED

76B OMITTED

76C EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

The guard escorts Stan and Bill across a yard.

GUARD
That's death row in there.

STAN
It is?

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

LISA
That's too bad.

VINNY
Why's that?

LISA
BECAUSE HE'S DEAD!

Vinny's sick.

76 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Twelve men and women sit in the jury box as Trotter qualifies their suitability as JURORS. The first JUROR is a grim middle-aged woman. Stan, Bill, Vinny, Lisa and Gibbons watch. More than 30 other potential jurors sit in the public seats, waiting.

TROTTER
Can you participate in an endeavor in which the ultimate result might be death by electrocution?

JUROR
I think it should be left up to the victim's families rather than the courts.

TROTTER
The defendants are charged with robbing a convenience store, tying up the clerk, and shooting him point-blank in the back of the head.
(lets fact sink in, then)
If sufficient evidence is offered to prove these facts, would you...

JUROR
(interrupts)
Fry 'em.

TROTTER
(to the Judge)
He'll do.

LATER

Vinny is wearing a standard, ill-fitting, off-the-rack suit, and is badly in need of sleep. JUROR #2 is a grim middle-aged man.

76C CONTINUED:

GUARD
The chair ain't workin' like it used to. The guy we fried last week, Norton...it took us three attempts and his head caught fire. See, there's no money in the budget to get it looked at.
(chuckles)
I say it'd be cheaper to have it fixed than to run up those extra electric bills.

Stan and Bill look at each other in dismay.

BILL
Don't you ever worry that you might execute an innocent man?

GUARD
Don't happen very often, believe me. It's a chance worth takin', wouldn't you say?

STAN/BILL
(earnestly)
No. No.

76D OMITTED

76E INT. PRISON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Stan enters and talks to the waiting Gibbons.

76F INT. VISITATION ROOM - DAY

Bill comes to Lisa. They talk through a wire mesh.

BILL
Where's Vinny?

LISA
Listen, I talked to your mom, she's fine....
(Bill nods)
So, you're still letting Vinny handle your case?

BILL
I think I may regret that decision for the rest of my life - if I live that long. So, where is he?

LISA
Investigating the case, checking out all kinds of important questions.

77 INT. TIPTON'S KITCHEN - DAY

Vinny and Tipton at the kitchen table.

VINNY
What did you have for breakfast?

78 EXT. MRS. RILEY'S VERANDA - DAY *

Vinny sits with Riley on rocking chairs, with a note pad. *

VINNY
How many different levels of thickness have you gone through?

79 INT. CRANE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Vinny and Crane. Vinny aims Lisa's camera at something offscreen.

VINNY
(pointing to something o.s.)
So, What's this brown ... stuff...?

79A EXT. CRANES HOUSE - DAY

Vinny exits Crane's house.

79B thru 81 OMITTED *

81A OMITTED *

86 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
Lisa, I don't need this now.
(counting on fingers)
I got a Judge who's aching to put me in jail, some idiot who wants to fight me for two hundred dollars, slaughtered pigs, giant cockroaches, giant whistles, no sleep in five days, no money, a 'dress code' problem, and a little murder case which holds in the balance not just the lives of two innocent kids, a...
(stomps floor)
...biological clock, my career, your life, our marriage, and what else? Can we pile a little more crap onto the outcome of this case?! Is that possible! I don't think it is!
(He makes 'ring ring' sound, and goes indoors)

87 INT. CABIN - DAY

Vinny comes in and answers the phone.

VINNY
Yeah? Yeah? Got it.
(hangs up, to Lisa)
I was wrong. That was the President. The Kremlin called says I don't win the case, the Russians will bomb the U.S. We'll retaliate -total nuclear annihilation!

LISA
Maybe this was a bad time to bring it up.

87A EXT. ESTABLISHING -THE CABIN - NIGHT

The light goes out.

88 INT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

WE HEAR A SCATTERING, SCRATCHY SOUND. It sounds like a severed witches hand, with scrawny, bony fingers and long yellow fingernails clattering over the roof like a giant frightened cockroach. Vinny jerks awake. WE HEAR IT AGAIN. Vinny looks to the left. WE HEAR ANOTHER ONE. Vinny looks right. Vinny creeps out of bed, WE HEAR KREEEEEEEECH!!! - it sounds like a witch being burned alive. Lisa jumps and sees Vinny.

VINNY
What the fuck was that?!

KREEEEEEEECH!!!

VINNY
It's right outside the door!

LISA
Is it trying to get in?!

VINNY
How the fuck should I know?! I don't even know what it is!

Vinny runs over to the gun cabinet, slides it open and reaches in. KREEEEECH!!! He lifts the gun into view - it's a huge Colt 44. magnum. He aims at the door. KREEEEECH!!!

88A EXT. A TREEBRANCH JUST OUTSIDE CABIN

The witch's hand is really just a branch moving back and forth across the roof. CAMERA PANS TO ANOTHER BRANCH, TO A SCREECH OWL. Nothing unusual, actually. Just a screech owl doing what a screech owl does - it's beak open and ... KREEEEEEEEECH!!!

In the background we see the door to Trotter's hunting cabin fly open, revealing Vinny in the doorway in a Dirty Harry crouch, arm outstretched holding the 44. aimed in nearly the opposite direction of the owl. SCREEEEEEECH!!! Vinny unloads the gun into the darkness.

CLOSE SHOT - OWL

Looks over, deadpan, unfazed.

WIDE SHOT - THE VALLEY THE CABIN IS IN

From far away, we HEAR the screech, soon followed by THE SOUND OF A 44. BEING FIRED SSIX TIMES.

88B INT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

Lisa is asleep, Vinny opens his eyes. There is no sound.

VINNY
Lisa? ... Lisa ...

LISA
Yeah?

VINNY
You awake?

LISA
Whatsa matter now?

VINNY
(beat)
It's too quiet.

LISA
Shut up and go to sleep.

VINNY
Goodnight.

Vinny rolls over and looks up. Hanging from the deer's antlers above the fireplace is a snake! Vinny stares at the antlers. The snake stares at Vinny. Gradually, Vinny realizes that the antlers are moving and that he is looking at a snake. Terrified, Vinny tries to speak but no sound comes out of his mouth. Suddenly the snake drops out of the antlers and onto the bed. Vinny and Lisa scream and scatter.

89 EXT. A FIELD IN THE BOONIES - NIGHT

Vinny's Caddy's parked in the middle of nowhere.

90 INT. CADDY - VINNY AND LISA

Cuddled up in blankets. They're feeling close.

LISA
(beat)
This is so romantic -- out in the field here, under the stars, quiet, no one around for miles...this is very romantic.

VINNY
(looks outside)
I don't see no stars...

Looks at Lisa and -- what the Hell -- who's he to argue about what's romantic? As he pulls Lisa closer...

91 EXT. CADDY IN FIELD

A HUGE LIGHTNING BOLT CRACKS NEARBY. And it starts to rain. THEN WE HEAR MORE THUNDER.

FADE TO:

92 INT./EXT. CADDY - DAY

It is still raining and thundering. An exhausted, red-eyed Vinny wakes up. He starts the car.

CLOSE SHOT - RIGHT REAR TIRE

...just spins and spins. The other tire does nothing. Vinny gets out of the car and steps into serious mud. He falls over, * he gets up. Opens the trunk, and pulls on a two by four - but * it's stuck. He yanks it harder -won't budge. He yanks it real hard and finally it moves, but something in pink plastic flies out with it and lands in the mud. Lisa can't see since the trunk is up.

VINNY
What's in this plastic thing?

LISA
Your suit.

VINNY
What's my suit doin' in the trunk?

LISA
I had it cleaned - I thought it'd be a nice surprise - go in there with a clean suit.

VINNY
Nice fuckin' surprise.

93 EXT. RAILWAY HOTEL - MORNING

Vinny's Caddy - very muddied - parks across the street from the hotel. Vinny gets out. He slams the door - he's pissed. Lisa gets out. It's still raining.

VINNY
I got 30 fuckin' minutes to shower, buy a new fuckin' suit, get dressed and get to the fuckin' Courthouse.

LISA
You fuckin' shower, I'll go get the fuckin' suit.

Lisa hustles off. Vinny heads toward the hotel. As he crosses the street, we see J.T. and Neckbrace coming the opposite way. As Vinny approaches him, J.T. snickers at Vinny's predicament. As Vinny passes...

J.T.
(unfolds ten 20 dollar bills)
Hey pussy, I got the $200...
(amused)
So, you going to kick the shit out of me?

BAM! Vinny cold cocks him solidly, dropping the guy into a heap. Vinny scoops up the money and moves on.

94 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Lisa runs up to Johnson's Department Store in the rain, but the door is locked. She looks at a sign hanging from the window. It reads 'CLOSED - FLU.' Lisa looks around, sees...

SHOT - BUTLER'S SECOND HAND STORE.

95 INT. COURTROOM - TEN O'CLOCK

The court is quiet and waiting. Rain beats against the window panes. The Judge checks his watch impatiently. Trotter is waiting at his table, papers neatly stacked, perfectly groomed, perfectly patient, eminently confident. Stan and Gibbons sit next to each other. Stan looks over at Bill and shakes his head. Bill's sitting by himself, feeling pretty foolish, wondering where Vinny is. Then, WE HEAR A DOOR OPEN. The Judge looks up and squints, Trotter looks up, confused, Stan looks up and shakes his head. Finally Bill looks up and sees...

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

VINNY

...in his new suit - a too-small, midnight blue, silver-threaded tuxedo, carrying his book on procedure, an umbrella and a briefcase. He looks pretty damn silly in it. Vinny sits down next to Bill. Vinny's so tired, he's at wit's end. He's in a rotten mood.

JUDGE
Mr. Gambone - are you mocking me with this outfit?

VINNY
(belligerently)
'Mocking' you? No, I'm not 'mocking' you.

JUDGE
Then explain that...outfit.

VINNY
I bought a suit. You've seen it. Now it's covered in mud and this town doesn't have a goddamn one hour cleaners, I had to buy a new suit. Except the only store you can buy a new suit in - has the flu. Get that? The whole store has the flu! So I had to get this from the 2nd hand store. So, it's either the leather jacket which I know you don't like, or this. So, I'm wearing this ridiculous thing...
(indicates new suit)
...for you!

JUDGE
Are you on drugs?

VINNY
No, I'm not on drugs.

JUDGE
I don't like your attitude.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
So what else is new?

JUDGE
I'm holding you in contempt of court.

VINNY
Oh, there's a big fuckin' surprise.

JUDGE
What did you say?

VINNY
What?

JUDGE
What did you just say?

VINNY
(so tired, can't remember)
What'd I just say? 'What?'

The Judge stares him down, Vinny doesn't look at him - he's fighting just to keep his eyes open.

LATER - COURT - TROTTER ON FLOOR

Trotter has the floor. He is giving his opening statement.

TROTTER
Your Honor, Counsel, Members of the jury. The evidence in this case will show that at 9:30 in the morning on January 4th - that both defendants Stanley Rothenstein and William Gambone were seen getting out of a 1964, metallic green, Buick Skylark convertible, with a white top. The evidence will show that they were seen entering the Sac-O-Suds convenience store in Wahzoo City.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (3)

TROTTER (Cont'd)
The evidence will show that minutes after they entered the Sac-O-Suds convenience store, a gunshot was heard by three witnesses.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (4)

TROTTER (Cont'd)
You will then hear the testimony of the three eyewitnesses who saw the defendants running from the Sac-O-Suds a moment after the shots were heard, getting into their faded metallic-green, 1964 Buick Skylark and driving away in great haste. Finally, The state will prove defendants Gambone and Rothenstein admitted, then recanted their complicity in this crime to the Sheriff of Beechum county.

Stan and Bill exchange looks of doom.

TROTTER
Now let's get down to the lick-log. Your verdict is going to depend on what you think of the sworn testimony ... Not what I think, because what I think don't count. You're the jury, it's your job to decide who's tellin' the truth. The Truth: that's what "verdict" means, it's a word that came down from England and all our l'il ole ancestors. We shall be asking you to return a verdict of Murder in the First Degree for William Gambone, and a verdict of accessory to First Degree Murder for Stanley Rothenstein for helpin' Gambone commit this heinous crime.

He sits down.

JUDGE
(to Vinny)
Counselor, do you wish to make an opening statement

Vinny is next to Bill. His head is resting in his hands. His eyes cannot be seen. He says nothing.

JUDGE (O.S.)
Counselor?

We can hear Vinny's breathing slowly and deeply - he's asleep. Bill's foot nudges Vinny's foot. But Vinny is out.

BILL
(side of mouth)
Vinny. Vinny.

95 CONTINUED: (6)

Vinny wakes up. Not knowing where he is...

VINNY
Wha...!
(looks up realizes he's in court, momentarily intimidated, humiliated)
Oh...

BILL
(whispering from side of his mouth)
It's time for your opening statement.

Vinny rises, goes to the jury box and leans dramatically on the railing, both hands separated. He motions to Trotter.

VINNY
Everything that man said...is bullshit.
(beat)
Thank you.

Vinny walks back to his chair, Trotter rises...

TROTTER
(rises)
I object your honor, counsel's entire opening statement is argument.

JUDGE
Objection sustained, the entire opening statement, with the exception of...
(dryly)
'thank you' will be stricken from the record.
(to jury)
You will please disregard counsel's entire opening statement.
(to Vinny)
And you, Mr. Gambone.
(firmly, barely containing his anger)
You will not use that kind of language in my court. Do you understand me?

Vinny returns to his table, without looking back...

95 CONTINUED: (7)

VINNY
Yeah, yeah, yeah...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

He sits down at the table, once again resting his head in his hands, valiantly trying to stay awake. Bill looks scared.

Stan and Gibbons look over at Vinny.

STAN
(shakes head, to himself)
Idiot.

The Judge points to Gibbons, Stan's attorney.

JUDGE
Your statement, sir.

As Gibbons gets up, he drops a pen. He picks it up and clumsily puts it back on the table, but drops it again. Stan stops him and picks it up for him. Gibbons walks onto the floor and he suddenly looks terrified. This is a man who has a terrible case of stage fright. His brow beads up instantly with sweat, he constantly wipes his palms off on his trousers and can't look anyone in the eye.

GIBBONS
Ladies and Gentlemen of the j-j-j-jury. On J-J-January 4 of this year, my c-c-c-client did indeed visit the Sac-O-Suds convenience store.

Stan — Can't believe what's happening.

Vinny ...is nodding off, he jerks himself awake. Trying his best to stay awake.

GIBBONS
But he didn't k-k-k-kill anyone. We intend to prove that the p-p-p-prosecution's c-c-case is circumstantial and c-c-coincidental. Thank you.

Gibbons sits down next to Stan.

STAN
That's it? What happened to all the things we talked about?

GIBBONS
I get a little nervous out there, sometimes.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED: (6)

STAN
A 'little' nervous?

GIBBONS
I'm getting better...
(beat, offering consolation)
Some people think it gains sympathy from the jurors. What do you think? How did it look?

Stan stares at him, the same look he gave the electric chair.

STAN
Like we didn't have a leg to stand on.

GIBBONS
(nodding in agreement)
Mmmm.

96 INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Trotter is finishing up with Tipton on the stand.

TIPTON
...they went into the store. Then I made some breakfast and was just about to eat when I heard a gunshot. So I looked out the window and saw those two boys run out, get in their car and drive off like maniacs - tires screeching, smokin', goin' up the curb.

Trotter shows a picture of the car to Tipton.

TROTTER
Is this the car?

TIPTON
(looks over car)
Yes.

TROTTER
No further questions.

JUDGE
(to Gibbons)
Your witness.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

Trotter sits. Gibbons rises and approaches the witness.

GIBBONS
Mr. T-T-T-Tipton. W-hen you viewed my client, how f-far away were you?

TIPTON
About fifty feet.

GIBBONS
(skeptically)
D-d-do you think that's close enough t-t-to make an accurate identification?

TIPTON
(confidently)
Yes.

GIBBONS
Mr. T-T-Tipton, do you wear eyeglasses?

TIPTON
Sometimes.

GIBBONS
W-w-w-were you wearing them that d-d-day?

TIPTON
No.

Bill and Stan exchange looks - Stan's looking positive about his man. Vinny is resting his head in his hands. Bill sighs and nudges him.

GIBBONS
(so jury can hear)
So you were f-f-f-fifty feet away and you made a p-p-p-positive eyewitness, and yet you weren't w-w-w-wearing your necessary p-p-prescription eyeglasses?

TIPTON
They're reading glasses.

Bill and Stan exchange looks again. This time Stan's frustrated. Bill looks at Vinny, who's fallen asleep again.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (2)

GIBBONS
...c-c-can you tell the court what c-c-color eyes the defendants have?

TIPTON
(looks at Stan)
Brown.
(looks at Bill)
Blue.

GIBBONS
(beat)
N-n-no more questions.

Gibbons sits down. Stan's feeling defeated.

GIBBONS
He's a tough one.

STAN
Hmm...

JUDGE
Mr. Gambino, your witness.

Bill nudges Vinny under the table. Vinny jerks awake.

BILL
It's your witness.

VINNY
My witness?

BILL
Yeah.

Vinny's day in court has finally arrived - he's been waiting for this moment for ten years. Slowly, the thought (nearly) sobers and wakens him. He pours some water from the pitcher onto his hand and splashes it on his face to help wake himself up. Stan and Bill exchange looks and shudders with sympathetic dread. VINNY rises and approaches the witness. Rain has stopped. Gradually, sunshine comes in through the windows.

VINNY
Mr. Tipton, when you viewed the defendants walking from their car into the Sac-O-Suds, what angle was your point of view?

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (3)

TIPTON
They were kinda walking toward me when they entered the store.

VINNY
They were walking toward you when they entered the store. And when they left? What angle was your point of view?

TIPTON
They were kinda walking away from me.

VINNY
Would you say you got a better shot of them going in, but not much comin' out?

TIPTON
You could say that.

VINNY
I did say that. Would you say that?

TIPTON
Yeah...

VINNY
Is it possible the two youts who entered the store were ...

JUDGE
(interrupting)
Two what? What was that word?

VINNY
What word?

JUDGE
Two what?

VINNY
What?

JUDGE
Did you say "youts"?

VINNY
Yes, two youts.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (4)

JUDGE
What is a yout?

VINNY
I'm so sorry, your honor, two youths. Is it possible the two youths who entered the store were not the same youths you saw leaving the store?

TIPTON
(beat)
No. Why would they get into the same car?

VINNY
Let me re-phrase the question. Is it possible that the two defendants entered the store, picked out twenty-two specific items off the shelves, heated up a burrito, had the clerk pour a slush drink, take money, make change then...leave, then, two DIFFERENT men drive up in a similar looking car, go in, tie up the clerk, rob him, shoot him and leave?

TIPTON
(shakes head)
No. They didn't have enough time.

VINNY
How much time were they in the store?

TIPTON
Five minutes.

VINNY
Are you sure it was five minutes? Did you look at your watch?

TIPTON
No.

STAN AND BILL are confused, but intrigued by Vinny's line of questioning - it sounds like it's leading someplace. Vinny and Tipton:

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (5)

VINNY
In five minutes, you made breakfast?

TIPTON
That's right.

VINNY
Can you remember what you had?

TIPTON
Eggs and grits.

VINNY
How do you make your grits? Regular, creamy or al dente?

TIPTON
Uh... just... regular, I guess.

VINNY
Instant grits?

TIPTON
No self-respecting southerner uses instant grits. I take pride in my grits.

Vinny beams - he knows he's got Tipton on the ropes.

VINNY
So Mr. Tipton, how could it take you only five minutes to cook your grits - when it takes the entire grit-eating world TWENTY minutes?

The JURY responds to this - they know their grits.

STAN AND BILL - are riveted.

TIPTON
I dunno...I'm a fast cook, I guess.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: (6)

VINNY
A fast cook? That's it? Are we to believe that boiling water soaks into a grit quicker in your kitchen than any other place on the face of the earth.

TIPTON
(humiliated)
I dunno.

VINNY
Perhaps the laws of physics cease to exist on your stove?

Tipton shrugs.

VINNY
Where these 'magic grits'? Did you buy them from the guy who sold Jack his beanstalk beans?

TROTTER
Objection, your honor...

JUDGE
Objection sustained. Mr. Tipton, you can ignore the question. Mr. Gambino, you've made your point.

VINNY
(to Tipton)
You sure about that five minutes?

TIPTON
I...may have been mistaken...

VINNY
(turning away)
Thank you. I got no more use for this guy.

STAN looks at his attorney.

STAN
You're fired.
(stands, to Judge, points to Vinny)
I want him.

Bill is jubilant. Lisa is proud.

97 EXT. BEHIND THE COURTHOUSE - DAY *

Bill, Stan and Vinny are being put into the police van. Lisa is watching. Van and street are wet, but the sun is out.

VINNY
Lisa, don't bail me out. I'm going to sleep tonight in prison.

98 INT. VAN ON WAY BACK TO PRISON - STAN AND BILL

Vinny's curled-up, asleep in the back seat CAMERA PANS TO FRONT SEAT. Bill and Stan are proud.

BILL
Wake him up and he litigates.

99 INT. CELL - VINNY ASLEEP

WE HEAR SOMEONE SCREAM, GET BRUTALLY BEATEN. Vinny sleeps.

100 INT. VAN - MORNING

Vinny's still asleep. CAMERA PANS TO STAN AND BILL.

101 INT. COURTROOM - MORNING - VINNY

Court's back in session. Beams of sunshine light up Vinny. Vinny's got Crane on the stand. Vinny picks up an envelope, opens it, takes out a stack of photos and hands them to Crane.

VINNY
(shows 1st photo)
Mr. Crane, what're these photos of?

CRANE
My house and stuff.

VINNY
(points to picture)
What's this brown...stuff...on your window?

CRANE
Dirt.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

VINNY
(shows 3rd photo)
What is this...rusty, dusty, dirty-looking thing on your window?

CRANE
It's a screen.

VINNY
(shows 4th photo)
What're all these really big things right in the middle of your view from the window of your kitchen and the Sac-O-Suds? What would you call these things?

CRANE
Trees.

VINNY
(shows 5th photo)
What do you call these thousands of little things on the trees?

CRANE
Leaves.

VINNY
(shows 6th photo)
And these...'bushy' things between the trees. What do you call these?

CRANE
Bushes...

VINNY
So, you can positively identify the defendants, at a distance of 80 feet, for a moment of 2 seconds, looking through...
(points, photo #1)
...this dirty window...
(points, photo #2)
...this crud-covered screen,
(points, photo #3)
...these trees with...
(points, photo #4)
...these leaves on them, and trough...
(more)

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY (Cont'd)
(points, photo #5, squints)
...how many bushes?

CRANE
(counts to himself 1...2...3...4...)
Looks like five.

VINNY
(points to photo)
Don't forget this one and this one.

CRANE
Seven bushes.

VINNY
Seven bushes. So whattya think? Is it possible you just saw two guys on a green convertible, but not necessarily these particular two guys?

CRANE
(beat)
I suppose.

VINNY
(to Judge)
I'm finished with this guy.

COURT - LATER

Vinny's got CONSTANCE RILEY, the skinny black woman. Vinny treats her with courtesy.

VINNY
Mrs. Riley, were you wearing your glasses when you viewed the defendants?

RILEY
Yes, I was.

VINNY
Can you put them on?

She opens her purse, takes out her glasses and puts them on. They are ammazingly thick and make her eyes look huge - one hinge is broken, repaired with a safety pin. The jury is struck by how thick they are.

101 CONTINUED: (3)

Vinny looks at the jury and smiles -working the same reaction as he has.

VINNY
Whoa!
(sobering, to Riley)
How long you been wearing glasses?

RILEY
Since I was six.

VINNY
Were they as...thick as these?

RILEY
Oh, no. They got thicker over the years.

VINNY
So, as your eyes have gotten more and more out of whack as you've gotten older, how many different levels of thickness have you gone through?

RILEY
(thinking)
Oh, I don't know, over 40 years, probably...ten times.

VINNY
So, you've gotten new glasses around every four years.
(beat, works jury)
How long you been wearing this level of thickness?

RILEY
About four years.

VINNY
Maybe you're due for a thicker set?

RILEY
Oh...no, I think they're okay.

VINNY
Let's be sure. Let's check 'em out.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (4)

VINNY (Cont'd)
(steps to back of courthouse)
How far away were the defendants from you when you saw them enter the Sac-O-Suds.

RILEY
About 100 feet.

Vinny takes a tape measure out of his pocket.

VINNY
Okay. Hold this.

(She takes one end of the tape measure. He takes the other, walks fifty feet away from her, up the aisle).

VINNY
This is fifty feet. Half the distance.
(slowly waves two fingers)
Mrs. Riley, can you see how many fingers I have showing?

Mrs. Riley squints, and so does the Judge.

JUDGE
(squints)
Let the record show that counsel is holding up two fingers.

VINNY
Your honor, please...

JUDGE
(embarrassed)
I'm sorry...

VINNY
(hides hand, then waves two fingers)
How many fingers can you see?

RILEY
(squints)
Four.

VINNY
(keeping hand up, he walks back to stand)
What're you thinking, Mrs. Riley?

101 CONTINUED: (5)

RILEY
(sees how many fingers are up)
I'm thinking of getting 'thicker' glasses.

102 INT. VINNY'S (RAILROAD) HOTEL/TROTTER'S OFFICE - THAT NIGHT

The phone rings. Vinny answers.

VINNY
Hello?... Trotter?

TROTTER
You did good today, yankee. I like the competition. It makes things fun. You like competition, too?

VINNY
I'm enjoying myself so far.

TROTTER
'Cause I got a big surprise for you tomorrow.

VINNY
(uh oh)
Oh? What's that?...You gotta disclose your evidence to me.

TROTTER
I only got it tonight, I'm disclosing it first thing in the morning. The judge'll have to admit it.

VINNY
Should I be worried?

TROTTER
Very.

Vinny hangs up, grabs the Court Procedure book and turns to Lisa.

VINNY
Where did you read all that shit about disclosure?

103 INT. COURT - NEXT DAY

GEORGE WILBUR, 60, is an earnest, honest, intelligent-looking engineer. He is on the stand.

TROTTER
Mr. Wilbur, what is your profession?

WILBUR
I'm a Special Automotive Instructor of Forensic Studies for the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

TROTTER
How long have you been working in that position?

WILBUR
30 years.

VINNY
Your Honor, may we approach the bench?
(Judge nods)
I object to this witness being called at this time, we've been given no prior notice that he'd testify, no discovery of any tests he has conducted or reports he has prepared and, as the court is aware, the defense is entitled to advance notice of all witnesses who will testify, particularly those who will give scientific evidence so that we can properly prepare for cross-examination as well as to give the defense the opportunity to have the witness' reports reviewed by a defense expert who might then be in a position to contradict the veracity of his conclusions.

This speech is said with great speed and fluency almost in one breath, yet with total clarity.

JUDGE
Mr. Gambino, that is a lucid, intelligent, well thought out objection.

VINNY
Thank you, Your Honor.

103 CONTINUED:

JUDGE
Overruled.

Vinny throws his arms up in a gesture of despair.

TROTTER
(shows Wilbur photos)
These are photographs of the tires belonging to the defendants' car.
(shows other photos)
And these are photographs of tire marks made by the assailants' car as it fled the Sac-O-Suds convenience store. Are you familiar with these?

WILBUR
Yes, I am.

TROTTER
Could you elaborate please?

WILBUR
Using the Hewlett-Packard 5710-A dual column gas chromatograph with flame analyzation detectors, we compared the tire marks they're the same model and size tire; Michelin model XGV, size 75-R, 14 inch wheel.

TROTTER
They're both the same size and model tire. What else did you find?

WILBUR
The car leaving the convenience store spun its rear tires dramatically, and left a residue of rubber on the asphalt. I took a sample of that rubber and analyzed it. I also took a sample of rubber from the rear tires of the defendants' Buick and analyzed that too.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

TROTTER
What were the results of this analysis?

WILBUR
The chemical composition between the two tires was found to be identical.

TROTTER
Identical. No more questions.

The Judge is handed a fax - He reads it.

JUDGE
(to bailiff)
Court will take a 60 minute recess for lunch.

Vinny rises.

VINNY
I respectfully request a full day continuance to go over this stuff.

JUDGE
Request denied.

VINNY
Thanks.

JUDGE
And Mr. Gambone - I'd like to speak to you.

104 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - VINNY AND THE JUDGE - DAY

They enter the chambers. The judge is relishing the moment.

JUDGE
You're a dead man.

VINNY
I'm a dead man?

JUDGE
Yes, I faxed the clerk of New York and asked what he knew about Jerry Gallo. And do you want to know what he replied?

VINNY
Did you say Jerry Gallo?

JUDGE
Yes...

VINNY
Gallo with a 'G'?

JUDGE
Yes...

VINNY
(laughs and laughs, then)
Jerry Gallo's dead!

JUDGE
(impatiently)
I'm aware of that.

VINNY
I'm not Jerry Gallo, I'm Jerry Callo. C-A-L-L-O.

The judge ponders: is he mistaken or is Vinny lying?

JUDGE
Alright.
(picks up phone and dials)
Let's get this cleared up right now.
(to phone)
Hello, this is Judge Chamberlain Haller, can I speak to the clerk?
(beat)
Okay. I'll be here.

(more)

104 CONTINUED:

JUDGE (Cont'd)
(hands up, to Vinny)
He's going to call back after three. That gives you a stay of execution - unless by some miracle you win this case in the next...
(checks his watch)
...90 minutes.
(beat)
Why don't you go to lunch?

105 INT. RESTAURANT

A greasy spoon. Lisa enters with an envelope of newly developed snapshots. Vinny is eating and going over the new evidence. Looking at the photos, chemical analysis, etc. He can't believe what he's up against.

LISA
I got my pictures ... What'd the judge say?

VINNY
(doesn't want to talk about it, mumbles)
He found out Gallo's dead.

LISA
He found out? What'd he say?

VINNY
I'm trying to think about the case, Lisa.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

Lisa goes quiet. Vinny is running scenarios, ideas, etc. through his mind, but nothing's right. She's afraid to ask...

LISA
Can I help?

VINNY
(mimicking her)
Can I help? No, you can't help.

She gives him a 'look'.

VINNY
Look how you're looking at me what's that look supposed to mean? I'm a piece of shit because I can't find a way to let you help me, is that it?

Lisa says nothing. He grabs the photos.

VINNY
Alright. You're helping, these are lots of help here.
(flips thru photos sarcastically)
Thank you. Oh! These are going to be a lot of help, oh yeah! Very creative. Very artistic. Here's a good shot of our first hotel room. That's gotta intimidate Trotter.
(another photo)
Hmm ... I didn't know I looked like that from behind. Gee, and I thought I couldn't feel worse than I did a second ago.
(next photo)
Here's a good one of the tire marks - could we get a little farther away? Did you shoot it from up a tree? Look at this, we've got the tire marks in, that garbage can, what's that - dog shit? Maybe that's a clue.
(next photo)
Oh! Here's one of me reading. Here's another of me reading, and - oh! This one has a twist, me reading with my finger in my ear.

Lisa is staring at him, if looks could kill ...

105 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
Here's a case-cracker - me in the shower.

LISA
That's it, I'm outta here.

Lisa just gets up and walks out, leaving her photographs. Vinny follows her to the street, still holding them.

VINNY
(calls after her)
Lisa. I'm sorry.

He punches the wall. Then he returns to the table, frustrated.

VINNY
I'm missing something. I'm missing something.

Vinny sips his coffee. CAMERA TILTS TO LISA'S TIRE TRACK PHOTOS.

106 INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY

Vinny enters. Lisa is dialing a phone call.

VINNY
Who're you calling?

LISA
The airport.

He goes on into the courtroom.

107 INT. COURT - DAY

Vinny's at the table. On the table is a small stack of tire evidence and Lisa's photos. Vinny looks downbeat. The bailiff * sits Stan and Bill with him.

STAN
Did you find anything?

VINNY
Very, very little.

Stan goes cold.

STAN
Enough to...?

Vinny shakes his head. Stan looks at Bill. Very bad news.

LATER - WITNESS STAND - WILBUR

Vinny takes out the police photos and shows them to Wilbur, * who is still on the stand. *

VINNY
Is it possible that two separate cars could be driving on Michelin model XGV 75r 14's?

WILBUR
Of course.

VINNY
Let me ask you this - what is the best selling, single model tire sold in the United States?

WILBUR
The Michelin XGV.

VINNY
And what is the most popular size?

WILBUR
75r - 14.

VINNY
The same size as the defendants' car.

WILBUR
But two faded green 1964 Buick Skylark convertibles...?

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED:

VINNY
I asked if the most popular size of the most popular tire is on the defendants' car.

WILBUR
Well...yeah.

VINNY
Thank you, no more questions.

VINNY sits down. He's a broken man. He stares at Lisa's photos. The tire photo is on top. He picks it up, stares harder and harder. *

TROTTER (O.S.)
Your honor, the prosecution rests. *

JUDGE (O.S.)
Mr. Gambone? Your first witness? *

Vinny grabs the police photo and compares it with Lisa's. Lisa's is a much wider angle: WE SEE BOTH PHOTOS. Lisa's is a full shot of the tire marks left by the killer's car - two, 20 foot length tire marks - about ten feet in, one tire track goes up a curb and comes down another ten feet. * *

VINNY - stares some more.

JUDGE
Mr. Gambone? I will ask you one more time, and one more time only. If I ask you again...

Vinny - looks so happy he can cry.

VINNY
Your honor, please, can I have a five minute recess as my next witness isn't present in the courtroom?

JUDGE
Three minutes. No more.

Vinny scrawls a hurried note He jumps up and stops beside the Sheriff, handing him the note.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

VINNY
Can you trace this for me?

SHERIFF
Not my job. You do your own investigatin'.

VINNY
Please. I've only got three minutes.

He hurries out of the courtroom. The Sheriff stares at the note.

108 INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY - DAY

Vinny comes out into the lobby. *

VINNY
(urgently)
Lisa, please, I'm sorry. I need you to come back to the courtroom and I need the phone.

Lisa's still on the phone. She ignores him. In the background, * Sheriff comes out of the courtroom. *

VINNY
I need the phone.
(she continues to ignore him)
And we gotta make up and get back to the courtroom, there's not much time, everyone's waiting.

LISA
Shut up.

Vinny grabs the phone and cuts her off. *

LISA
Fuck you.

She storms off towards the front doors. Vinny goes to follow * her but is stopped by the Sheriff, who is still holding the * note. *

SHERIFF *
Tell me why? *

109 thru 111 OMITTED

112 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY - LONG SHOT

Lisa stomps out of the front doors. Vinny runs out and drags her back in kicking and screaming.

113 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Vinny and Lisa burst in.

VINNY
Your honor, the defense calls as it's first witness, Ms. Mona Lisa Vito.

LISA...is shocked. She tries to leave. He holds on to her.

TROTTER
Objection. This person is not on the witness list.

VINNY
(triumphantly brandishing the book on court procedure)
This witness is an expert in the area of automobiles and is being called as a witness to rebut the testimony of George Wilbur.

LISA shakes her head and turns and walks out.

VINNY
Your Honor, could you instruct the bailiff to lead Ms. Vito to the stand.

JUDGE
Bailiff?

The bailiff runs outside and comes back with a very pissed-off Lisa. She glares at Vinny as she passes him. She's led to the stand.

BAILIFF
Hold up your right hand. Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth so help you God?

LISA
Yeah...

VINNY
Ms. Vito, you're some kind of an expert in automobiles, is that correct?

Lisa glares at Vinny. She sits there, the quintessential unfriendly witness, arms folded, and staring at Vinny.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

JUDGE
Will you please answer the counsellor's question?

LISA
No. I hate him.

VINNY
Your Honor, may I have your permission to treat Ms. Vito as a hostile witness?

LISA
You think I'm hostile now, wait 'til you see me tonight.

JUDGE
Do you two know each other?

VINNY
She's my fiancee.

JUDGE
Well, that would certainly explain the hostility.

TROTTER
Your Honor, I object to this witness - improper foundation. I'm not aware of this person's qualifications. I'd like the opportunity to voir dire the witness to the extent of her expertise.

JUDGE
Granted.
(to jurors, explaining)
The prosecution is going to ask Ms. Vito a few questions to determine if she is qualified to testify as an expert on the subject of tire mark identification.
(to Trotter)
Mr. Trotter, you may proceed.

TROTTER
Ms. Vito, what is your current profession?

LISA
I'm an out-of-work hairdresser.

113 CONTINUED: (2)

TROTTER
And in what way does this qualify you to be an expert in automobiles?

LISA
It doesn't.

TROTTER
In what way are you qualified?

LISA
Well, my father was a mechanic, his father was a mechanic, my mother's father was a mechanic, my three brothers are mechanics, four uncles on my father's side are mechanics...

TROTTER
Your family is obviously qualified, but have you ever worked as a mechanic?

LISA
In my father's garage - yeah.

TROTTER
As a mechanic - what did you do in your father's garage?

LISA
Well...tune-ups, oil changes, brake re-lining, engine rebuilds, rebuilt some trannys, rear-ends...

TROTTER
Does being an ex-mechanic necessarily qualify you as an expert on tire marks?

LISA
No.
(gets up to leave stand)
Thank you...goodbye.

JUDGE
Sit down and stay until you're told to leave.

She sits, gives the judge a 'look' that was previously used for Vinny.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (3)

VINNY
Your Honor, Ms. Vito's expertise is in general automotive knowledge. It is in this area that her testimony will be applicable. If Mr. Trotter wishes to voir dire the witness to the extent of her expertise in this area, I'm sure he'll be satisfied.

JUDGE
Okay.

Trotter sees this has a healthy challenge - stump the witness.

TROTTER
Alright...
(to Lisa)
Being an expert in general automotive knowledge, can you tell me...what would be the correct ignition timing for a 1955 Chevrolet Bel Air, with a 327 cubic inch engine, and a four barrel carburetor?

The judge leans forward, ready to be impressed. The jury too is listening intently.

LISA
(squirms impatiently)
That's a bullshit question.

TROTTER
Does that mean you can't answer it?

LISA
It's a bullshit question. It's impossible to answer.

TROTTER
Impossible because you don't know the answer to it?

LISA
Nobody can answer that question.

TROTTER
(to judge)
Your Honor, I move to disqualify Ms. Vito as an expert witness...

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (4)

JUDGE
(to Lisa)
Can you answer the question?

LISA
No - it's a trick question.

JUDGE
Why is it a trick question?

LISA
Chevy didn't make a 327 engine in '55. The 327 didn't come out 'til '62 and it wasn't offered in the Bel Air with a four barrel carburetor 'til '64.
(adding)
However, in '64, the correct ignition timing would be 4 degrees before top dead center.

The judge and jury are impressed. Vinny's proud.

TROTTER
(reluctantly, but undeniably impressed)
She's acceptable.

Vinny gets up.

VINNY
Your Honor, this is a photograph my fiancee took outside the Sac-O-Suds. Can we agree on this?

TROTTER
(glancing at it)
Yes.

VINNY
I'd like to submit this photograph of the tire marks as evidence.

The Judge looks at Trotter.

TROTTER
No objection.

Vinny shows Lisa her photograph.

VINNY

113 CONTINUED: (6)

LISA
You know I did.

VINNY
And what is it of?

LISA
You know what it's of.

VINNY
Ms. Vito, it has been argued by me, the defense, that two sets of guys met up at the same 'Sac-O-Suds' at the same time in Wahzoo City, Beechum County, Alabama, driving identical metallic mint green 1964 Buick Special convertibles. Can you tell, by what you see in this photograph, if the defense's case holds water?

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (5)

Lisa looks at the photo again, but this time...INSERT TIRE PHOTO...something occurs to her - what she sees in the picture in incontrovertible proof of the boys' innocence - it dawns on her, Vinny will win the case - and she can help. She looks at Vinny, smug as he can be. Vinny shrugs amiably.

VINNY
Ms. Vito, could you please answer the question? Does the defense case hold water?

LISA
No. The defense is wrong.

VINNY
(beat, toying)
'Are you sure'?

LISA
Positive.

VINNY
How can you be so sure?

LISA
Because there's no way these marks could've been made by a '64 Buick Skylark.
(looks at photo)
These marks were made by a <u>'63 Pontiac Tempest</u>.

TROTTER
(hisses)
Objection, Your Honor. Could we clarify to the court whether the witness is stating opinion or fact?

JUDGE
(to Lisa)
This is your opinion?

LISA
It's a fact.

VINNY
I can't believe this kind of information can be ascertained simply by looking at a photograph!

LISA
Would you like me to explain?

113 CONTINUED: (6)

VINNY
I would love to hear this.

JUDGE
So would I.

LISA
(referring to photo)
The car that made these two, equal length tire makes, had Positraction - You can't make those marks without Positraction, which was not available on a '64 Skylark.

VINNY
Why not? What is positraction?

LISA
It's a limited slip differential that distributes power equally to both the right and left tires.
(Trotter and Wilbur quietly exchange words.)
The Skylark had a regular differential which...anyone's who's ever been stuck in the mud in Alabama knows that when you step on the gas, one tire spins and the other does nothing.

The jury knows that, and so does the judge, and the bailiff. Trotter knows it too, and his lack of expression says so.

VINNY
Is that it?

LISA
No, there's more.
(points to picture)
When the right wheel went up on the curb, the left tire mark remains flat and even. The '64 Buick Skylark has a <u>solid</u> rear axle, so when the right wheel goes up...
(demonstrating with her fingers)
...the left wheel tilts out and rides on it's left edge. But this didn't happen here.
(more)

113 CONTINUED: (7)

LISA (Cont'd)
This mark is flat, which means this car had...
(demonstrates with fingers)
...an independent rear suspension.
(in sum)
Now, in the sixties, there were only two other cars made in America with an independent rear suspension, Positraction and enough power to make these marks. One was the Corvette, which cannot be confused with a Buick Skylark. The other car, however, had the same body length, height, width, weight, wheelbase, AND wheel track as the 1964 Buick Special, - and that was the 1963 Pontiac Tempest.

VINNY
And, because both cars were made by G.M., were both available in Metallic Mint Green paint?

LISA
They were.

VINNY
Thank you, Ms. Vito.
(to Judge)
No more questions, thank you, very much, you've been a lovely witness. *

Vinny goes and sits down with the boys. The boys are elated -they pat Vinny on the back. Vinny and Lisa exchange loving looks. Trotter is having an animated conversation with Wilbur.

JUDGE
Mr. Trotter? Would you like to question Ms. Vito?

Trotter and Wilbur appear to be arguing. Wilbur is shaking his head, Trotter is pressing, Wilbur continues to shake his head. *

JUDGE
Mr. Trotter...?

Wilbur shakes his head some more. The Judge doesn't like it. *

(CONTINUED)

113 · CONTINUED: (9)

JUDGE (O.S)
Mr. Trotter...?

Wilbur and Trotter have clearly had a falling out.

TROTTER
Uh, no your honor, no questions.

Vinny see this and on a hunch, he rises and ...

VINNY
In that case, your honor, I would like to re-call George Wilbur. *

Trotter looks like a quarterback who dropped the ball as Wilbur takes the stand.

JUDGE
You realize you're still under oath?

WILBUR
Yes, sir.

VINNY
(approaches stand)
Mr. Wilbur, what'd you think of Ms. Vito's testimony?

WILBUR
Very impressive.

VINNY
(looks at Lisa)
She's cute too, heh?

WILBUR
Yes, very...

TROTTER
Your honor, I ...

JUDGE
Sustained. Mr. Gambone...

VINNY
Sorry. Mr. Wilbur, in your expert opinion, would you say that everything Ms. Vito said on the stand was <u>100%</u> accurate?

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (10)

WILBUR
I'd have to say that.

Trotter's sick. The Sheriff enters at the back.

VINNY
Is there anyway in the world that Buick driven by the defendants could've made those tire marks?

WILBUR
(thinks, shakes head)
Actually, no.

VINNY
Thank you. No more questions.

Vinny turns and sees the Sheriff at the back. The Sheriff nods at him.

VINNY
(dramatically)
Your honor, I call ... Sheriff Farley.

There is a hubbub in the court. The Sheriff takes the stand.

VINNY
Sheriff Farley. Er...ah...
(he doesn't know what exactly to ask)
What did you just find out?

SHERIFF
On a hunch ...
(smiles at Vinny)
... I took it upon myself to check out if there was any information on a '63 Pontiac Tempest stolen or abandoned recently.
(holds up paper)
This computer read-out confirms that two boys who fit the defendants' description were arrested two days ago by Sheriff Tillman in Jasper County, Georgia, for driving a stolen metallic mint green 1964 Pontiac Tempest with a white convertible top, Michelin model XGV tires, size 75r ... with Positraction.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (11)

VINNY
Is that it?

SHERIFF
No. A 357 Magnum revolver was found in their possession. *

VINNY
Could you refresh the court's memory? ... What caliber bullet was used in the murder of Jimmy Willis?

SHERIFF
A 357 Magnum.

VINNY
Thank you. The defense rests.

Vinny sits down.

JUDGE
(smiles)
Mr. Trotter?

Trotter just sits there. He sighs, then looks at Vinny and smiles defeatedly. He stands.

TROTTER
In light of Ms. Vito's, and Mr. Wilbur's testimony ... *
(beat)
... the State would like to dismiss all charges ...

Vinny jumps up, kisses Lisa. Stan and Bill jump, double high five each other, then both hug Vinny.

TROTTER
... against William Gambone and Stanley Rothenstein.

(more)

Page 125 is omitted.

Page 125 is omitted.

113A OMITTED
114 OMITTED

114A EXT. - COURTHOUSE - THAT AFTERNOON

Vinny is surrounded by an enthusiastic and admiring crowd including Stan, Bill, Star, Sheriff Farley, and others.

Vinny glances at his watch and whispers urgently to Lisa.

VINNY
I've got to get out of here by three. Are the bags in the car?

She nods and goes.

She goes, he turns in a rush and runs into Stan, who has an impromptu thank you speech for Vinny. He chooses his words "carefully" which feels endless for Vinny

STAN
Vinny, I'm sorry to have ever doubted you at any time. For this I apologize. I think, under the circumstances, that you did a ... fantastic job, and ...

VINNY
(interrupting)
You're very, very welcome, Stan.
...
(glances nervously at courthouse)
... I hope we can do it again sometime.

Vinny shakes his hand and then turns to Bill, who stumbles trying to find the appropriate words, but nothing seems appropriate, so instead, he simply embraces vinny.

VINNY
You're welcome, you're welcome
...

Bill stops, looks at Vinny, and ...

BILL
Uh ... Vin ... I ... well ...

Vinny can't take it. He tries to wrap things up - so he gives Bill a quick hug, then ...

114A CONTINUED:

VINNY
(quickly)
G'head and take the time, put the right words together and give me a call in New York.

Bill embraces him again. Vinny checks his watch. It's 3:00. Bill stops, tries to speak again.

BILL
(wipes away a tear)
Vin, I ... uh ...

VINNY
You know Bill, it's obvious that words simply cannot express what you're feeling, so ...
(another quick hug, then ...)
... I'll see yah.

Vinny pushes him away and ducks another foot closer to the car, and runs into Trotter.

TROTTER
Vinny, you did a terrific job.

VINNY
Thanks.

TROTTER
And there's and open invitation whenever you feel like coming down here.

Lisa drives up in the caddy and waits at the curb. Vinny sees her.

VINNY
(moving around him)
Thank you, thank you Jim. But if I don't get out of here I might not ever leave ...

(CONTINUED)

14A CONTINUED: (2)

Vinny hurries to the curb, followed by the small crowd. As he reaches the car the Judge steps into FRAME and interrupts him. The Judge is holding a sheet of fax paper. Vinny thinks he's doomed.

JUDGE
Mr. Gambone, I have a fax here from the clerk in New York.
(Vinny's face falls)
I owe you an apology, sir. I'm honored to shake your hand.
(shakes Vinny's hand, mimicking Vinny)
"Win some, lose some ... ". Your courtroom manner may be rather unconventional, but you're one hell of a trial lawyer. I'm honored to shake your hand.

VINNY
(momentarily speechless)
And you're one hot-shit, fuckin' judge.

He gets into the car. The Judge waves as they drive away.

JUDGE
Goodbye now.

115 OMITTED

115A INT. - CADDY - DAY

VINNY
What the hell was that all about?

LISA
I had a friend send a fax to the judge confirming the impressive legal stature of Jerry Callo.

Vinny's impressed, then he wonders who Lisa would know in the clerk's office. She wouldn't know anybody.

(CONTINUED)

115A CONTINUED:

VINNY
What friends do you have at the Clerk's office?

LISA
Your friend?

VINNY
Who?

LISA
Judge Malloy.

VINNY
(agitated, but not angry)
Judge Malloy?

LISA
Yeah, you're driving his car.

VINNY
I know I'm driving his car. I know who he is!

LISA
(defiantly)
So, what's your problem?

VINNY
I wanted to win my first case without anybody's help.

LISA
I guess that plan's moot.

VINNY
(some resentment)
Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

115A CONTINUED: (2)

LISA
This could be a sign of things to come; you win your cases - but with "someone else's help". Right? You win case after case and then afterwards, you have to go up to someone and say ... "thank you". Oh my God - what a fuckin' nightmare!

Vinny gives her a "look" - pretending he's angry, but he's not at all angry. In fact he feels desperately romantic. And Lisa know it.

VINNY
I won my first case. You know what this means, don't you?

LISA
You think I'm going to marry you?

VINNY
You're not going to marry me now?

LISA
No way.

Vinny gives her a questioning look. (He doesn't believe her).

LISA
You can't win a case by yourself. You're fuckin' useless.

CAMERA PULLS BACK AS THEY CONTINUE TO ARGUE. AND THE CAR DRIVES OFF INTO THE DISTANCE.

VINNY (O.S.)
I thought we'd get married this weekend.

LISA (O.S.)
You don't get it, do you? That's not romantic. I want a wedding in church with bridesmaids and flowers.

VINNY (O.S.)
You've said many times that being spontaneous is romantic.

(CONTINUED)